



# **I Became the Hero's Bride!**

– 용사님의 신부가 되었습니다! –

**- Part 2 -**

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**[ Myoniyoni Translations ]**

# Chapter 17

## The future of the kingdom looks bleak

A while after she was swept along by Ericia's plot... Clarice's days were relatively fine. It was an unfamiliar, unwanted, forced-on life as a woman, but if anyone asked why her days were relatively okay, the answer was simple.

She'd stopped caring.

Multiple... dynamic situations had occurred without end since she became a woman, and after a time Clarice realised that she was becoming numb to it all. If she was tired, she was tired, if she didn't care she didn't care, if she was used to it, she was used to it, if you really wanted to know why all her fingers wouldn't be enough to count, but the reason that took up the lion's share of reasoning was this.

She'd stopped caring.

Even when she'd done her best to rebel against the gender differences, nothing had changed. The first couple of days she had dreams (which in hindsight were hilarious) of turning back to a man, but having Senyun's confirmation that once changed, there was no turning back, she'd turned sheet white. Minwoo had embraced Clarice and said.

"It's okay. You've done enough, Clarice. You don't need to struggle anymore."

Pat pat. As expected, the only person looking out for me was Hero-nim, and after shedding tears in his warm embrace, from then onwards she'd started to think 'mountains are mountains water is water my body is a woman.' If nothing changed even if you struggled then was it not obvious that there was no need to struggle? Then funnily enough, although a corner of her mind felt off as if it was stained, but at the very least she had stopped fretting over everything.

And so today as well, Clarice had given up. Because she didn't need to struggle anymore.

“It appears Senyun is out of her office today as well.”

Karina returned from her errand (asking Senyun’s whereabouts). Senyun had locked up her office and was wandering around somewhere. Clarice closed her eyes and sipped delicately at her tea, lost in thought.

“What might have happened? I’m worried.”

“You do not have to worry too much, Your Highness. Knowing that arsine woman... Ehem, knowing Senyun’s personality, it can’t be anything major.

Really now? Senyun too, was a victim at Father’s hands. Even if she was a panty thief. Clarice was worried whether she was feeling guilty over turning her into a woman. Even if she was a panty thief. She’d known her for some time now, and even if people did look at her funny, Clarice couldn’t hate her because she knew she wasn’t a bad person.

Even if she was a panty thief.

“She probably got kidnapped by someone baiting her with Your Highness’s panties. Who knows if she might be bound up in chains being trained in some dungeon somewhere?”

A series of coughs greeted Clarice. That would be something major.

“Karina. You know.”

Clarice set her cup down on the saucer with a gentle clatter and said with a quiet voice.

“Tea time is boring so can I head to the training grounds...”

“No.”

“Hero-nim said he wouldn’t leave me alone anymore...”

“No you may not.”

“Hmmmm...”

Clarice shot Karina a look of discontent.

“Kuk! Not even if you seduce me!”

Wut. I was just glaring at her.

“Who knows if some thugs or louts might harass you like last time?! As Your Highness’s personal maid, I cannot let that happen.”

Of course, ‘thugs and louts’ meant the knight order. To be honest, Clarice felt like such a description reeeaaally suited it. If a group that included a knight with bloodshot eyes wanting to touch breasts and a lunatic exhibitionist vice-captain weren’t a collective bunch of idiots than what else would they be.

Ah. The future of the kingdom looks bleak.

“Now that reminds me that... Oppai Daisuki? What happened to him?”

He was quite the memorable pervert so she was curious as to his fate.

“Opupai Taisuki? From what I heard he was punished in the end.”

“Punished?”

“By poongyuhung(豊乳刑).”(1)

Poongyuhung?

“A punishment where the criminal is fed medicine to grow breasts and give them giant boobs.”

“.....Setting aside as to how that punishment even exists, is that even alright?”

“The kingdom’s basic tenement is ‘eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth,’ after all.”

“I’d think that they’d treat that as a massive reward.”

Karina smiled bitterly and shook her head.

“That is... That person, lately he’s felt that the days have been far too long and is having his breasts assaulted by all the surrounding knights.”

“Haaaa?!”

Clarice unconsciously covered her breasts and shuddered. Karina actually had the audacity to cry out ‘the princess cowering is so cute ♥’ and continued.

He was molested so much that now even the person in question’s sick of breasts and he’s even talking about quitting the knight order.

If there ever was justice, than this was it. However, to Clarice, this didn't feel like someone else's problem. Namely, every time she took a bath Karina would peek in saying she would serve her. Every time she dried her long hair that she eventually didn't cut because Hero-nim said it looked good on her, Karina would take the chance to stroke her hair, or whenever she put on a dress that she was gradually getting used to by now, Karina saying she would serve her and taking the opportunity to feel up her body.

.....it was all Karina's fault.

"Y, your Highness... even if you seduce me like that I..."

Like I said earlier, you what. I was only glaring at you.



After teatime, studies were waiting for her. What studies? Bridal studies. Not a religious priest<sup>(2)</sup> but bride as in someone who was about to be married. Even though the wedding date hadn't been set (and not like she wanted one to be set to begin with) Clarice underwent bridal training. Even tasting the cane that she hadn't felt since she was a child she learned to cultivate the sophisticated mind and body representative of the kingdom's women.

"Your Highness. The time has come."

Karina approached Clarice who was relaxing on the terrace.

"Just a moment. I'll come in in a bit."

Clarice was resting her breasts on the handrail (it looked quite funny but it was quite comfortable.) and had her chin propped up in her hands. The city's view from the castle was always magnificent no matter how many times she saw it. To the point where she really didn't want to move.

"No, this is the third time you've said that now..."

"Then it won't matter if it's the fourth?"

"And it's the fourteenth time you've said that since bridal training began..."

"Then won't it matter if it's the fifteenth?"

"Like I said, the bridal training is..."

Arguing with Karina was as fun as always. To the point where she really didn't want to stop.

"Aaahhhhhh. I don't wanna..."

And sighing while clutching her head was as fun as ever to the point where she really didn't want to move.

"Your Highness. Madam Wellington is waiting for you. As royalty, please watch yourself."

"Karina, you know right?"

"That this is the twenty-first time?"

"Mm."

She knew very well so she had nothing to say. Madam Wellington was Clarice's bridal training tutor. Becoming the respected Princess Clarice's tutor, she swore she would take responsibility and make Her Highness a fine woman, she held hopes that Clarice simply didn't care for.

Clarice turned back around to Karina.

"Karina."

"Fifty-fourth..."

"No, not that! Can't you hear something?"

Hear? Karina scowled and listened to the surroundings. She didn't really expect much, she's probably just buying time-was what she thought.

Karina concentrated before suddenly her eyes opened wide.

"You hear it?"

"I can hear it."

She heard it. A noise like something was swelling up and shouting. The two of them moved to the direction of the noise. The castle walls were for once firmly shut, and the source of the sound was beyond them. What had happened? As if to answer those questions noise came through again.



The knight order, including Ericia, heard that there were mass protests outside the castle walls and immediately moved out. To take command with the captain, Ericia had positioned herself on top of the wall, looked down at the sight below her and shivered. A veritable sea of people. A massive crowd seemed like the entire population of the city had taken pickets in front of the castle wall.

In the middle, a boss-like woman was standing on top of a podium. She was wearing something that looked suspiciously like panties on top of her head..... Every time she raised her megaphone and shouted with all the veins in her neck sticking out, the crowd shouted her words back as if their vocal cords would burst.

“Is it the truth that Prince Clarice turned into a woman! Is it the truth! Is it the truth!”

“Is it the truth! Is it the truth!”

“Is it the truth that that bloody king played around with the prince!! Is it the truth!! Is it the truth!!”

“Is it the truth!! Is it the truth!!”

“Is it the truth that the prince and hero are engaged!!! Is it the truth!!! Is it the truth!!!”

“Is it the truth!!! Is it the truth!!!”

“Return our youths that were dedicated to the prince! Return them! Return them!”

“Return them! Return them!”

“Damn hero!! Did you beat the demon king for this!! Did you!! Did you!!”

“Did you!! Did you!!”

“Cancel the engagement before we overturn this kingdom!!! Cancel it!!! Cancel it!!!”

“Cancel it!!! Cancel it!!!”

Men, women, the young and the old, regardless of generation they were all gathered here in one name.

The ‘Citizens that Love Clarice’ group.

“Are they absolutely insane...?”

The captain who could be called a normal person within the knight order stepped back, horrified. Really, the CLC’s aura was far too overpowering for normal people to look on with their naked eyes. They didn’t look like people, but a gathering of obsessed fanatics.

How would he calm them down. It seemed like the slightest movement would set them off into violent protest... It was when the captain was looking around to get to grips with the situation.

[illegible]

The loud shout that rattled the eardrums spread throughout the square. The captain that was racking his brains for a plan, the knights that facing down the protestors, the protestors that were crying bloody murder, everyone turned around with a stunned look on their faces. Ericia had her hands on her hips and had a smug smile befitting a heroine.

The captain blanched. What the hell is this crazy bitch up to now.

“Ahhh... The heavens truly are helping me. To think I would have the opportunity to stand in front of this many people, this many soldiers!”

Looking on at Erica whose body was quivering in joy, the captain's face turned blue. He could only think this. That crazy bitch couldn't possibly be...

And that 'possibility' became 'reality.'

“Now! Behold!! My people!!!! At my Womb Power!!!!!!”

The captain's panicked sprint was ever-so-slightly slower than Ericia tossing off her robe.

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Silence fell over the land. It was colder than the coldest glacier, heavier than the mountains of the north, more chilling than an ice cube stealthily placed down one's back. Ericia bared herself to a crowd that might be hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands.

Her near-naked body wearing nothing but bikini armour.

Tadaaaa- In her own delight, Ericia mistook the crowd's mutterings as a heavenly fanfare. She deluded herself that the sun on her bare flesh was a spotlight from the

heavens. In her head, all she was thinking was that everyone must be in awe on seeing her Womb Power.

Ericia tightened up her lower belly, punched out her fist and yelled.

“The Womb Power the even Prince Clarice learned! Do you not wish to learn it as well?!!!”

.....

Everyone could only think this.

Dafuq did this nutcase just say.

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(1) Characters that make up the word literally mean ‘plentiful,’ ‘milk’(or breasts) and ‘punishment.’

(2) 신부 can be translated as both ‘bride’ and ‘priest’ depending on context.

# Chapter 18

## But that's actually a thing

Even in this first moment of peace in a while, Minwoo couldn't help but be antsy. The royal couple that had been constantly pestering him about when to hold the wedding had up and left the castle saying they were touring the nation. Normally, one would think that was cause for celebration, but the problem was that this was a secret trip that none of the other princes or their advisors knew about.

As if they were sneaking away in the night.

At the time, Minwoo was uneasy as to just what the two of them were plotting this time. So through the king's servants he found that the royal couple had left on a journey unknown to all. According to their testimony, the pair had made a giant fuss and bother as they packed their travel gear.

As if they were sneaking away in the night.

"Hero-nim! Hero-nim! Are you in?!"

An urgent voice shook Minwoo from his thoughts. As Minwoo opened the door, Karina was gasping for breath. It seemed that she'd sprinted over hurriedly.

"Miss Karina? What's the matter?"

"That's, big trouble! Riot!! A riot has broken out!!!"

Minwoo facepalmed right then and there and soundlessly groaned.

For f'... They really were running away in the night. He thought.



As he followed Karina to the castle gates, he was greeted by a shocking sight.

"Urk! Waak! W, wait! Just listen to...!! Womb Power, is really... Kuk!!!"

The crowd were all universally throwing garbage at Ericia. Accompanied by all sorts of curses and insults. Ericia's gradual burial in trash cleanly cut Minwoo's tension, and at the same time Clarice rushed over.

"You're here, Hero-nim!"

Clarice's face brightened in welcome.

"What on earth is happening right now?"

"That's..."

Clarice turned back to the captain that accompanied her. The captain came forward and explained. The protest that came about as a result of rejecting womanised Clarice and Minwoo's marriage, plus Ericia's stupidity added fuel to the fire.

Minwoo's reaction was the obvious one.

"So you're telling me that... They're pulling this because they object to our marriage? Seriously??"

".....But that's actually a thing."

Clarice looked at the protestors with sorrowful eyes. It was all the more shocking that their, the CLC's, revolt was because of her. Although it wasn't her fault that things became like this, she couldn't hide her sorry feelings for the people.

Minwoo looked at Ericia who was gradually becoming one with the trash heap and asked the captain.

"Shouldn't we stop those people? If we just leave her like that Eri might be crushed under the garbage??"

"Won't it be fine since she was trash to begin with?"

Clarice innocently replied. Pfft! Minwoo clenched his teeth<sup>(1)</sup> and turned his head. He couldn't rebut that. This was the first time he'd heard something so convincing.

The captain folded his arms and asked.

"In this case, you could call it collateral damage. This was an unavoidable sacrifice for

the sake of the troops.”

Put it simply, Ericia pulled all the aggro of the ticking time bomb that were the protestors and was currently acting as an outlet to vent their anger. Clarice clapped her hands and said.

“Indeed they say that even dog poop has it’s uses.”

Minwoo scolded Clarice with a stern face.

“Don’t be like that, Clarice.”

“Ah... I’m sorry. Was I too harsh with my words?”

“Comparing Ericia to dog poop. Don’t you feel sorry for the dog poop?”

Having realised her wrongs, Clarice sincerely apologised to the dog poop deep in her heart.

“Um... That’s not what we’re here for though, are we?”

Karina looked at them with dumbfounded eyes. To think that the day would come that Karina would be the straight man, Clarice fell into thought. This was all that dog p... No, tra..... No, Eri’s fault.

Minwoo was looking over the protesters, when he noticed something odd. He’d thought it was a headscarf at first. A woman that seemed to be the leader of the protest was wearing a distinctive headscarf and so his gaze was drawn to it. But he noticed that that headscarf wasn’t actually a headscarf.

“Hey, that. Isn’t that panties?”

“Eh?”

Everyone’s eyes turned in that direction. And everyone had something to say.

“Those’re panties.”

“They seem to be panties.”

“Those panties...”

Clarice trailed off and her face reddened. Surely not. But she couldn’t help her hand trailing unconsciously to her lower body. Because those were...

At Clarice's odd reaction, the captain, worried, sent the three of them back to the palace. Minwoo offered to stay and help pacify the situation, but the captain shook his head. If the hero, one of the chief sources of anger of the protesters, made his appearance now, the situation might deteriorate.

In the end, Minwoo left it to the knight order, whereupon Clarice asked him for a private talk.

"What's wrong?"

Minwoo asked, taking a sip of the tea Karina had prepared. Clarice fidgeted this way and that and said.

"That's, the panties that that woman was wearing just now..."

"?"

Minwoo had been slowly admiring the taste of the tea, when his eyebrows twitched as if asking her to keep talking. Clarice scrunched her eyes and confessed.

"I think those are my panties."

"Pfffffft!"<sup>(2)</sup>

A cliché among cliché reactions. Minwoo spouted out the tea in his mouth. Minwoo wiped his mouth, coughing all the while and Karina handed him a towel. Minwoo gratefully accepted it before he asked.

"Is, is that true?"

Clarice was so embarrassed she couldn't even answer, but only nod her head. As shameful as it was, they were her panties. Clarice was quite certain about that. As for why she remembered all her panties, one would need to look back in time a little bit.

Before she became a woman, one particular day when Father came to ask her about marriage to the hero. For some reason, her underwear had been stolen en masse. Even before that, odd cases that items she had used or clothes she had worn had occurred often enough that Clarice had kept her eyes peeled open to catch the thieves.

At the time she found nothing, but just in case the thief ever professed ignorance,

Clarice decided to learn of every single one of her possessions. Naturally, her panties were no exception.

Moreover, the panties that that woman was wearing were unforgettable even if she wanted to. Because-

“Senyun had stolen them??”

“Yes. I’m certain. That, the day of the imprisonment incident. Senyun, she... Stole my panties...”

What. How. Why. Oh my god. Minwoo covered his face and hunched over the table. Just how on earth was he meant to face Clarice now. Senyun or Eri, he was ashamed to mention that he had left his backs to those idiots in his past adventures.

“Then that must mean that Senyun must have something to do with this protest.”

Minwoo nodded to Karina’s opinion. When he thought about it, that was very much possible. According to Karina, lately Senyun had been out of her office and roaming around. She was a fervent member of the cause of this protest, the CLC, and decisively the panties she had stolen were with the protest leader.

“I’m going to have to look for Senyun.”

There was definitely a connection. That was what Minwoo concluded.

# Chapter 19

## Trust in your prince

Senyun was there. Hiding in an alleyway watching the sequence of events unfold. She watched 'Clariceisaprince,' or Isaprince for short, who she told the truth while she was drunk, who went on to rally the CLC in protest. She was so angry with herself with causing this tragedy that she even smacked her head into the wall.

She couldn't possibly go back to the palace. She was afraid that she would see the prince's face hurt from seeing the protest. She felt sinful. Thinking of the prince's blame, that this was all her fault, she nearly wet herself in fear. So Senyun decided to run. It was a selfish decision with only herself in mind, but she felt that it was better than being hated by the prince.

And so a few days passed.

Clarice was loitering around in a dark alleyway close to the CLC's secret headquarters. The protests only continued to gain momentum with each passing day. At the same time, with each passing day the dark clouds in Senyun's heart gathered even more momentum. It was a perilous state that threatened to spill over with rain at the slightest touch.

Senyun glanced at the bright sunlight on the opening of the alleyway. Since everyone was at the protest, naturally the streets were empty. It seemed like no one would realise if she just broke into tears right here.

Just then, shadows snuck up to Senyun.

"Lookee here, lady~"

Senyun turned her head to the source of the voice just as her eyes were about to redden. Uwaa. Her face crumpled up instantly. Exactly three of them. A mohican, buzz cut and regent. A trio that looked every inch the typical delinquent swaggered in her direction.

Meanwhile, having approached Senyun, the trio exchanged looks before they started whispering amongst themselves. What? Isn't that a boy? Those breasts are a washboard? Those aren't breasts but straight up nonexistent? After a long debate they came to a conclusion. Even if it was a boy it was quite cute so it was 'possible.'

Mohican snickered and beckoned.

"Boy~ we're high-flying young men~ come quietly when we're asking nicely. It's not going to be fun if you don't!"

Since it was plenty unfun already, Senyun thought.

'What are these retards?'

No wait, before that. Didn't they just call me a boy? What? Why did they call me a boy? Are they blind? What? Does it mean something? Does it mean they want me to turn them from mohican, buzz cut and regent to bald, bald and bald with a fireball?

It was just as Senyun was about to unleash a fireball without hesitation.

"Stop!!"

Fizz. The shout dissolved away the fireball. Senyun bit her lip before glaring at Minwoo who had appeared at the end of the alley.

"Why are you here..."

"Who dares!!"

Mohican cut her off and shouted. Senyun scowled at Mohican, annoyed and returned to glaring at Minwoo

"Why are you here..."

"Oi bro! Don't Interfere and piss off!"

Buzz Cut cut her off and shouted. Senyun scowled at Buzz Cut, annoyed before glaring at Minwoo again.

"What are you here..."

"What the hell are you? Do you know this boy?!"

Regent cut her off and shouted. Senyun scowled at Regent. Should she just off them? But she barely suppressed the urge, and glared at Minwoo again. The two exchanged looks. In that brief moment of time, Senyun rolled her brain. Leaving aside why he came here for now, he was probably going to help her who was (apparently) captured by delinquents. In that case...

The two people yelled at the same time.

“My boyfriend!”

“There’s nothing between us?”

?

??

???

“Wha, what?! What do you mean there’s nothing between us?!”

“Why the hell am I your boyfriend?! Are you nuts?!?”

Minwoo rubbed his arms and shivered as if he really felt an arctic chill down his spine. Likewise for Senyun. She felt as if she had goosebumps on her tongue. She even said something that would have had the priestess at her throat for it but that idiot couldn’t read the mood.

“Look here. You lot. I’m warning you, if you want to touch her then you’ll need to be prepared.”

But as if he really had come to help her out, Minwoo regathered himself and warned the trio. Although he seemed like an idiot, indeed a hero. At the sharp look the trio gulped. Senyun thought that he was trustworthy at moments like this, as she internally retched a little bit at the thought.

“Pre, prepared?”

“Yeah.”

Minwoo looked at Senyun as if she was something disgusting.

“This kid. On her off day she daydreams of a man(=Clarice) being tamed and mind broken like a bitch, and to boot she chases the man she likes(=Clarice) around everywhere going ‘Guhehe~ Guhehe~ my prince ♥ this Senyun will protect you ♥ ♥’ and all sorts of stalker shit. This kid even stole panties lately, you know?”

Crack. Something broke. Namely inside Senyun.

“If you don’t want to end up like that then run away!”

“Re, really! We nearly stepped on a mine!”

“Thanks bro!”

“We’ll remember this!”

The trio quickly left the scene. Even though he had beaten the demon king and was no longer a hero, it still felt good to save people. Minwoo put his hands on his hips and smiled satisfyingly.

Without a shred of hesitation Senyun planted her fist in that self-satisfied face.

“Dduhurphth!”<sup>(1)</sup>

Sprawled out like a certain king from the past, Minwoo wiped the corner of his mouth and yelled.

“You nutcase! What are you doing!”

“What the hell are you doing then?! Why did you come here!!”

No, there was no need to listen. Senyun got up and was about to leave. Right up till Minwoo called to her in an accusatory tone.

“Are you running away again!”

Senyun halted. She turned around with a glare that threatened to drop an Inferno at any moment.

“What did you say?”

“Are you running away again.”

Minwoo staggered and stood up. Before Senyun could get a word in edgewise, Minwoo pressed his point.

“This protest. You started it. And now you’re going to run away irresponsibly?”

That was a misunderstanding. Although it did have to do with her, she wasn’t the one who started it. But Senyun couldn’t refute his words. She could only clench her fists and lower her head.

“.....Let’s talk.”

Minwoo calmly said, having noticed something off about Senyun. Senyun barely nodded her head.



A dark corner of an alleyway where only shadows lurked. It was a perfect place for two people to sit down awkwardly and have a secret discussion. Even Senyun, who told Minwoo her complicated story of her involvement in the protest, couldn’t stand how pathetic she was and laughed bitterly at herself.

“I don’t even... I...”

“No, that’s, what’s it. It’s not your fault. When you look at it, the reason that Clarice became a woman was because of that old snake of a king, the bikini armour incident was Eri’s fault, and the one that started the protest was the woman named Isaprince.”

Minwoo stammered as he comforted Senyun. To think the day would come where this guy would be comforting her, Senyun couldn’t stand her shame and sneered at herself.

“But if I’d been paying attention none of this would have happened. I wasn’t even thinking at all and just drooling all over him... I don’t even... I...”

And back to the beginning.

As Senyun threatened to up dig a pit with her sighs, Minwoo bolted upright. Minwoo faced Senyun with a determined face.

“Senyun. Listen to me.”

Senyun looked up at Minwoo in surprise. So he’s still trying to comfort me all the way to the end after all, in her heart, she felt the tiniest stirrings of thankfulness-

“Yes! In all seriousness I don’t even know what’s going through your mind!”

.....Ha?

“Same with your leeching off Clarice and freezing the mood along with your surroundings! Same with you being completely dyed with everything Clarice! And despite all that and the fact you caused this massive mess which let alone getting on your knees and begging Clarice’s forgiveness you’ve gone into hiding on your own! To be honest even when I look at you I seriously have no answers!”

Wham. Wham. Wham. Every single sentence became a cold hard fact assault that barraged Senyun. It hurt. It hurt so much her tears leaked a little. Is this kid trying to comfort me or make me cry.

“If I were in your shoes right now I’d go apologise to Clarice!”

“But... But I’m scared too!”

Senyun yelled, jumping up from her seat. She clenched her shaking fists and sorrowfully yelled back.

“If I apologise, if I confess that this was all my fault! I’m scared that the prince is going to hate me!! You know what I did to His Highness! I was taken for a fool and turned His Highness into a woman! Because of that, let alone having to marry you, sexually harassed by Eri! And now because of me a protest happened! Everything’s all my fault... How could he not hate such an idiot, how could he!!”

Senyun cried. Yelled. Vomited out. In the end she couldn’t take her own accumulated sorrows and sat down on the spot. And she cried.

“Senyun.”

Minwoo’s voice was neither kind nor gentle. It wasn’t like there wasn’t any sort of awkward sympathy. Because he’d already been there, done that.

“Would Clarice really hate you?”

Senyun lifted her head. Minwoo kept talking.

“What kind of person is Clarice to you? Someone who hates and casts aside a person that apologises for their wrongs? Or someone who kindly embraces them in forgiveness?”

“You...”

“Senyun. Clarice was worrying about you. Even if you stole her panties, even if you made the Potion of Changing Gender, she was still worried about you.”

“How am I supposed to believe that... How am I supposed to believe you...?”

Senyun’s eyes wavered dangerously. As if she was asking for someone to hold her.

“You don’t have to believe me.”

Minwoo held out his hand.

Sympathy was unnecessary. But, helping someone up when they’re down was probably alright.

“Believe in Clarice. Believe, in your prince that you like.”

Although he’s a princess now. Minwoo swallowed back those words. That would completely shatter the mood.

Senyun wordlessly looked at Minwoo’s hand. The prince that she liked. With the sharp beating of her heart, she was reminded of a voice.

‘True love! No matter how your own love can’t be requited, to support and be at the back of the one.’

Where did her determination from then go to. She had made her decision to help the prince even if it couldn’t be repaid... Even more than the time she was fooled by the king’s honeyed words, it was more regrettable that she forgot her resolve from that day.

She made her decision. Go apologise, and find a way to quell this protest. Senyun took Minwoo’s hand and got up. As if he was proud of her, a smile rounded the corners of his mouth.

“What are you looking at.”

Embarrassment rushed in. Senyun narrowed her eyes but decided to leave it at that. She needed to wipe her tears and snot first if she wanted to be intimidating or anything.

“Hm? No, nothing.”

Snicker snicker.

A vein popped out in Senyun’s forehead. She wanted to drop a fireball on him right this instant... But she decided to be the adult and hold it in. Because this time, this was nothing less than a debt.

“Hold up.”

Senyun was about to leave Minwoo snickering to himself, when he hurriedly stopped her. As Senyun gave him a strange look, Minwoo held out his hand.

“What?”

“Panties.”

“?”

Panties?

“Don’t try to gloss over it. You need to return Clarice’s stolen panties.”

“Wh, what?!”

Oh shite. Senyun’s face turned sheet white. Minwoo scowled and brought his hand right up to her nose.

“Don’t pretend you don’t know and hand it over.”

“N, no, that...”

“Get it out with your summoning magic. Surely you’re not going to say you don’t have it?”

“.....”

She didn’t. She’d already long since sold them to the CLC. Senyun sweated bullets and avoided his gaze. Minwoo could make a rough guess from her reaction. He clicked his tongue and sighed.

“Can’t be helped if you don’t have them then.”

“Y, yeah! It can’t be helped!”

Thank goodness. He was letting her off...

“Looks like we can only go by the kingdom’s laws.”

“.....Ha?”

Eye for an eye. Tooth for a tooth.

.....In the end Senyun had to return to the palace missing her underwear.

# Chapter 20

## I approve of this marriage

The protests gathered strength with each passing day, and at the same time the guilt in Senyun's breasts swelled with each passing day. Not her breast size, but her guilt..... Actually, her breasts might've gotten a bit bigger.

Even though Ericia was buried in trash with her well-being unknown, Clarice was reassured with the thought that she had returned to her natural environment.<sup>(1)</sup> Having lost their target, the protesters' anger naturally turned to the castle walls. Looking at the trash heap that used to be the castle walls, Clarice let out a sigh of regret. Not necessarily because of the stench, but the fact that she was the one that made everyone this angry..... Although to be honest, she couldn't deny that it stank.

Clarice's eyes were closed in deep thought, but now they gradually opened. Her attention was still on the protest that was still running rampant.

She made her decision

She would stop them.



The castle doors that was now so filthy that you could believe they were from decrepit ruins opened with a groan. The heads of the protesters all turned towards the castle gates. Knight order. Ordered ranks marched out proudly enough to make the protesters shrink back. They came to a halt right in front of the protest leader Isaprince. Isaprince gulped.

They'd been quiet for the last couple of days (although it was simply because the king fled) and is the army coming to beat us into submission?

In the lead, the captain asked Isaprince.

"Are you 'Clariceisaprince?'"

“Just call me Isaprince.”

Isaprince calmly replied. Hm. The captain’s eyes narrowed.

“Doesn’t that sound odd to you?”

“For the record, it’s not ‘Prince,’ but ‘King Penis.’”(2)

“Just use Prince!!”

Hut! The captain snapped his mind back to attention. Damn it. He fell too easily to the foe’s taunts. This wasn’t what he was here for. The captain exchanged looks with the knights and stepped aside. And like the miracle of the Red Sea the formation of the knights split apart and-

King Penis, no, Isaprince was horrified.

“C, Clarice-nim?!!”

Clarice walked out elegantly. Clarice held the hems of her dress and curtsyed. Madam Wellington. Can you see me? I’m greeting people as a princess this naturally.

“It’s my first time meeting you in person. Nice to meet you. I am the kingdom’s Fifth Princess Clarice. I’ve been wanting to talk with Isa... prince, ehem! Isaprince for a while now.

Why the heck did she choose that as her nickname. Clarice smiled brightly to cover up her embarrassment. The surroundings instantly became an uproar. The people who came face to face with the treasure of the kingdom they all near-worshipped were swept by fever and joy. To think he became a woman, everyone was stunned by her beauty as if she had regained her original gender.

Their stunned gazes as if they were dreaming didn’t last long, and very quickly, like a flock of zombies the crowd instantly got up and ran towards Clarice. Hiiiik. Becoming overcome by the pressure, Clarice hesitated. The knight order instantly huddled around Clarice. Despite that, the CLC’s hype train couldn’t be stopped.

Let’s say, for example-

“C, Clarice-nim!! Here!! Look over here!!”

And when she looked over there,

“Oh my god! Clarice-nim looked at me! She looked at me!! She turned her head and looked straight at me!!! She chose me!! I have no regrets!! They’re coming to take me to Valhalla!!!”

And suddenly shot off a fireball backwards and shot off into the sky like a fireworks.

“Hand! Please shake my hand!!!”

And when she took his hand,

“Oh my god! Clarice-nim held my hand! I’m never going to wash this hand again! From now on I’m only going to jerk off with this hand! Now it’s nothing less than having Clarice-nim jerk me off!!!”

And when he suddenly took his pants off he immediately got caught by other men and that hand became public property.

“Spit on me! No, curse me! Please call me human trash!!!!!”

And when she vehemently said “you’re like trash right now so could you please stop that?” and glared at him,

“Buhii! Buhiiiiih!!! Now I’m the prince, no! The princess’s pig!!!!”

And started oinking like a pig. Clarice felt, heaven strike her down if she lie, genuinely repulsed.

Clarice barely held onto her thread of reason that wanted to just snap and let her scream for what is was worth. Clarice was genuinely fearful. Who knew that being loved could be this scary. Damn it. If she knew this would happen she would have waited till Hero-nim came back with Senyun.

Actually, even though the CLC were normally hopelessly obsessed with Clarice, they weren’t normally this bad. It was just that, the circumstances weren’t the greatest. The joy at Clarice being rescued from the demon king was short-lived, and the news that she suddenly became a woman and was marrying the hero, gave the feeling of the so-

called NTR to the CLC. To boot, all these offended people had collectively set up camp in front of the castle walls, protesting night and day for several days straight.

Their reason had long since reached their limits. They'd made the resolve to see this right to the end. How would you endure without going insane?

One knight screamed as he was swept aside by the crowd. As the formation broke down, knights began to fall one by one. And then an opening formed. Like piranhas locked onto prey, they all charged at Clarice.

There was no time to take action. It happened in an instant. Absolute chaos. The people charging in without their reason. The bloodshot eyes staring hungrily at her. The mad hands reaching for her from all directions. Ah. Damn it. Looks like it's going to be a piece-by-piece princess inspection, Clarice thought.

Having shut her eyes in fear, the last thing Clarice had on her mind was,

None other than Minwoo.



Silence. The surroundings were oddly quiet. Her face being ripped off, her arms and legs separating out from each other, she didn't feel any of that pain. Rather... , it was warm. A snugly, dependable warmth that soothed her entire being.

Clarice opened her eyes a tiny bit.

"Hero, nim..."

Minwoo was in front of her eyes. Minwoo smiled.

"Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?"

As she saw that smile, all her tightly-drawn tension fell loose, and relief rose up light fluffy clouds. Clarice's throat dried up and she only nodded her head. She knew that having made the decision to come out of the castle on her own without discussion or planning was nothing short of shameful. But just now, Clarice was, very, very happy.

"You, you damned hero!! Where do you think you are!!!"

Isaprince's rage-filled shout. Clarice finally looked around her. The CLC drew a giant circle around them as they surrounded them. Even if they wanted to come close, they could not. It was because surrounding there was a blue barrier with Minwoo as the center. A mana barrier.

The one who made that barrier was none other than Senyun.

"Ah, it, it's been a while, my, prince....."

Senyun greeted her stiffly. With a face as red as tomato, she was standing there awkwardly as she held down the hems of her skirt. Even so, delight came before doubt. Unconsciously, Clarice sighed deeply.

Senyun scared herself shitless in advance.

"You're safe. I hadn't seen you for a while, I was afraid something had happened to you."

Eh? Senyun stared blankly. You were worried about me? Indecisive as to what to do, her gaze went everywhere before it finally met Minwoo's. "....." Senyun wordlessly grabbed her staff. It was still too early. If I confessed everything, she really might hate me then. But-

'I'm not running away anymore. Even if I am hated, I will support His Highness's love.  
,

Senyun turned to Isaprince and the rest of the CLC. Take responsibility and quell this protest. That was what she had to do right now.

As if to support her resolve a gust of wind blew in.

Fucking hell! Senyun completely forgot about putting on airs and desperately pushed her skirt down. Behind her, she heard Minwoo snickering at her expense. That little shit. She'll kill him someday. She WILL kill him someday. She vowed to herself with tearful eyes.

"Prince-shi, no, Senyun-shi, you're a victim as well. So why are you interfering with us?"

“Interfering?”

Senyun’s counter question. Isaprince bitterly replied.

“Senyun-shi. You are not our enemy. That is that hero who is embracing the princess as if to show off in front of us. We the CLC have admired the princess from the darkest ages. Without any greed, all of us fairly, we watched over her warmly from afar. But this shameless hero... He ignored us and dared to monopolise the princess! This is nothing more than cutting in! We the CLC have loved the princess for far longer!!”

The CLC surrounding her cheered their agreement. Senyun watched Isaprince wordlessly. She is surely being convinced. Her confidence boosted, Isaprince continued.

“The princess is not a single person’s belonging. She is all of ours. If that brat of a hero vanishes, then we will all be able to love the princess fairly once again.”

Yandere. Minwoo thought. Woooahhhh... He’d quite liked it in 2D but now that he was face to face with it in person, it gave him the shudders and shut his mouth. This is seriously priestess-level.

Senyun had been thinking and thinking again, before she finally opened her mouth.

“Everyone’s... But what will happen if the princess refuses you?”

“Eh? Refuses?”

Isaprince’s gaze changed. The mood froze instantly. Then, she made a smile befitting a lunatic.

“If we can’t have the princess, no one can. Not the hero, the demon king, the kingdom! No one! If we can’t have the princess, we will turn everything into cinders!”

At Isaprince’s shout that represented their fanaticism, the CLC cheered. They rejoiced. Gripped by fear, Clarice buried her face into Minwoo’s embrace. He couldn’t stand to watch this any longer. Just as he was about to step out to shut their mouths.

“You imbeciles!!!”

Ziiiing. Senyun’s voice, amplified with a Megaphone spell, echoed through all corners

of the city. To a hesitating and stunned Isaprince, Senyun rounded on her like a tempest.

“If you can’t have her then you’ll do what to the princess? The princess is all of yours?! Don’t bullshit me!!! The princess!! Is hers and not yours! Not everyone’s, but herself!!”

“Y, you... Just what...”

“Shut up!!!”

“Hiiik!”

Put it simply, a lion’s roar. Faced with pressure like a tiger’s, Isaprince fell down on her butt.

“Isaprince! Are you not ashamed of yourself as one of the CLC?! You are no longer CLC! Return your goods immediately and get the hell out of the organization!!”

“Wh, what?!”

Isaprince bolted upright. Having been taunted to the extremes, she no longer understood the meaning of fear.

“You... Are you making light of my life as a CLC member?!”

“Then let me ask you this. Would one that would harm the princess with their possessiveness, truly be able to call oneself part of the CLC?”

“Possessiveness...?”

“Yeah.”

What she had to say from here was not limited to just Isaprince. Senyun took a step back, looked around her and said.

“You are all making a fatal error here. We the CLC are a group dedicated to protect and love the princess, not to monopolize her and exclude others from doing the same. If we are a group truly dedicated to the princess, then is not now a moment where we should respect the princess and celebrate?!”

The CLC started to sway. Uneasiness began to sprout from mania. It was proof that Senyun’s words were having an effect.

“Isaprince. How did you come to be part of the CLC?”

“That...”

“Was it because the princess, no, Clarice-nim had a good face to BL ship him with other

men?”

Isaprince flared up and yelled.

“Don’t bullshit me! If I was that kind of fujoshi then I would never have led this protest in the first place!”

It was then.

“That reminds me I... I came into the CLC when Clarice-nim smiled at me on her way through.”

The CLC member that flew into the sky with the fireball murmured. And then-

“I was touched by him when I was pushed over by the crowd and fell, and he helped me up then...”

The CLC member who had been jacking off other men murmured faintly. And then-

“Buhi... Buhhiiii... Bubuub... (The princess looked exactly the type who would be gentle by day and a dom by night and that was right up my alley...)”

The pig that oinked like a pig went buhibuhi. And then others began to reminisce and speak of their own memories. There was no more mania any more. Just a faint perfume, and the flowering of the original loving mind for Clarice.

“What did you join the CLC for?”

To Isaprince, who was watching the others, Senyun approached. Isaprince’s eyes suddenly opened widely... Before tears dropped down his face as she wailed.

“You’ll know as well... The CLC... The CLC!”

Isaprince couldn’t finish speaking. But as if to pass on the baton, the CLC member that had been jacking off and the men that had been getting jacked off shouted proudly.

“The CLC!! Is something that our lower body demands!!!”

“Is marriage important right now?!”

“Clarice-nim that became a woman!”

Feeling the flames of passion, the men clenched their fists as one and shouted.

“””She’s so damn sexy!!”””

The CLC couldn’t restrain their overflowing emotions. All of them shouted as one.

“When does the CLC die?!!”

“Is it when your nephew steals your goods?!”

“Buhi!(No!)”

“Is it when you hear that Clarice was captured by the demon king but you were less sad and more excited over the prospect of Clarice getting trained?!”

“Buhi!!(No!!)”

“When you enter sage mode after a session!”

“When you remember your love for Clarice!!”

“Buhiiiiiii!!!(And throw it away!!!)”

You young’uns. Senyun wiped her nose and felt pride running through her. To nail the hammer in the coffin she yelled.

“That’s right!! Marriage is simply marriage! Just because Clarice-nim became taken!! Our love does not change! True love! Is when no matter how your own love can’t be requited, you support and be at the back of the one you love!!! And so we the CLC! Shall cheer on the marriage between Clarice-nim and the hero!! Understood?!!”

“””Understood!!!!”””

As if she was conducting an orchestra, Senyun raised her fist high in the air and yelled.

“I! Approve!! Of this marriage!!!”

Woouooooahhhh!!!! A cheer that shook the skies, no, the heavens and the earth burst out. I approve of this marriage!!! I do!! I do!! Woouaaaahhhhhh!!!! The CLC cheered heartily left and right.

...

.....

.....

And there were those who watched this spectacle from start to finish.

“Clarice.”

“Yes.”

The gazes of the two met and they both sighed.

“Wouldn’t it have been better if this kind of country had fallen to the demon king?”

“Would it not have been better if this kind of country had fallen to the demon king?”

# Chapter 21

## Wedding date

Once the situation had more or less calmed down, Karina rushed in to greet the party that returned to the palace.

Karina yelled at Clarice with a frantic voice she'd never heard from her.

“Your Highness! Are you out of your mind?! You knew perfectly well just who they were and yet you still went out anyway?!!”

Clarice had all sorts of different excuses at the ready yet none of them left her mouth. Because she saw Karina's tear-reddened eyes. She could only console and reassure Karina and say that she was sorry, she would be more careful from now on.

“So, how did this all happen?”

Once they got back to their rooms, the first thing Clarice did was to interrogate Senyun. With the same yaksha-like face that she'd glared at Ericia with, with the same yaksha's aura she'd once aimed at her father.<sup>(1)</sup>

Senyun had all sorts of different excuses at the ready yet none of them left her mouth. Because she felt that if she said one word wrong and none of her bones would be left intact. She could only do this.

"I'm sorrrryyyyyyy!!!!!"

Leaping up in her seat (very boldly despite the fact she wasn't wearing panties[and because of that Minwoo had an unwanted glimpse under her skirt and nearly stabbed his eyes out then and there.]) her legs folded under her and plopped on the ground. She prostrated herself flat on the ground and admitted to everything she had done.

“I never ever meant for this to happen!!! Isaprince! To think that Isaprince bitch would start a riot, I never imagined iiiiiiiittt!!”

So that it would reach you. So that this truth without a single hint of a lie would reach

you. Since no command came after a very long time Senyun glanced up to look at Clarice's reaction. And regretted it.

Because what was sitting there wasn't Clarice with a face and aura of a yaksha, but just a yaksha.

".....Senyun. That's not what I wanted to ask."

Clarice couldn't take her throbbing headache anymore, as she rubbed her temples and sighed.

"Why did you do something I didn't even ask for?"

Because of that, now they had the people's complete support for Clarice's marriage with Minwoo. Now even if Father came back and decided to push harder for marriage now they had no avenues of escape. Of course, IF he came back...

Senyun lifted her head up to look at Clarice..... her giant breasts hid her face from Senyun's line of sight. Lol wtf.

"I wanted to take responsibility..."

Setting aside how she wanted to cry for a lot of things, Senyun said so. Responsibility? Clarice replied back. Senyun sat up straight to face Clarice's gaze and confessed her feelings.

"Responsibility for making Your Highness into a woman. Responsibility for the humiliation you suffered at Erica's hands. Responsibility for being unable to call off the marriage. And responsibility for causing the protest."

"....."

"At first it was just to settle down the CLC but I unconsciously rode the mood and I have nothing to say for that... But I genuinely wanted to take responsibility."

Clarice looked at Senyun's purple eyes. She realised that in those pretty eyes which resembled violets, there was the truth without a single trace of a lie.

Clarice sighed and couldn't help but forgive her.

"Just this once. If you pull something ridiculous like this next time then I really will not

forgive you then.”

“C, Clarice-nim...!”

Sniffle. Senyun covered her mouth with her hands and was moved by that noble benevolence. Clarice’s eyes narrowed slightly as she wondered whether she was overdoing it, before she opened her mouth.

“Senyun. Speaking of which...”

Clarice’s clear face flushed shyly.

“Th, thank you for stopping the protesters. If it weren’t for Senyun, something horrible would definitely have happened.”

Her running rampant without being asked was something that made her angry, but ultimately it did result in quelling the protest(although that ‘result’ was barely avoiding the worst-case scenario.) Clarice sincerely thanked Senyun.

And Senyun’s reaction.

“.....!!!”

Kuk. Kuhuk. Senyun gripped her chest and breathed heavily like an ox, and fell to the floor. Clarice was startled and helped Senyun up. Clarice’s worried eyes turned frigid instantly.

Now why does she have a nosebleed.

“M, my prince... I, I...!!! Uuuuuuu!!!!”

Without any time to react Senyun buried herself in her breasts. Waaaaaaahhhhh!!!!!!! Senyun started crying a flood of tears. Resigned, Clarice patted Senyun’s back and comforted her.

“I! I was so scaaaarredd!!!! Hwaaaaaaaah!!!! Your Highness!! I was afraid Your Highness would hate mee!!!! Hwuahuhwhuuuaaaaaa!!!!!!”

Clarice’s gaze met with Minwoo and Karina’s. The three of them grinned at the same time and shook their heads.

In any case, she really was like a child.



Senyun finally admitted it. What? That her beloved prince had become a woman. The reality that her prince was now a princess. Up till now Clarice as a woman was so unfamiliar she couldn't possibly deal with her awkwardness. But Clarice was still Clarice. Even if she was now a woman, her gentleness didn't change. At the same time, she felt that the saying passed down in the doujin circles were there for a reason.

Senyun buried and rubbed her face in Clarice's abundant, motherly breasts (although ironically Senyun's mother was had cliffside breasts like Senyun herself) and Senyun's eyes met with Karina.

The two of them shared a connection.

'Boys, or girls.'

'It's fine as long as they taste good.'<sup>(2)</sup>

That was her new life motto.

Clarice shuddered at the chill that suddenly ran down her spine. It was probably because of her sodden front due to Senyun dripping snot and tears all over it. Clarice slowly decided to pry Senyun off.

"Senyun. Are you alri..."

"Guhehehe..."

?

"Guhehehe... Her Highness's breasts... So soft and fluffy♪"

Hul.<sup>(3)</sup>

Senyun showed her true colours. Clarice forgot that she, too, was a member of that damned CLC. Wait, and it'd been how long since she'd been crying her heart out.

"Oi! Is it seriously time for you to pull this shit?!"

Minwoo quickly ran in and grabbed Senyun's scruff. Like a fish hooked to the line, Senyun flailed around as she yelled back.

"Shut uup!!! Coming from the one who stole my panties! Are you going to steal Her Highness... Mmhmm!"

Minwoo hurriedly sealed off that mouth. This thing kept pointlessly saying things that would get very very awkward. Minwoo wanted to keep the fact that he made Senyun into a 'no panties' for the panty thief incident a secret from Clarice. Even though Senyun more than deserved it, there was no way that Clarice would like that type of revenge.

Minwoo wanted to always be someone reliable to Clarice. Not some petty perverted no panties.

"Panties?"

Clarice tilted her head. Perhaps because of the panty thief incident, Clarice was very sensitive to the word panties. Minwoo played it off.

"No, it's nothing. Not like this is the first time she's bullshitted like that. Don't worry about-"

"Mmmm!!!!"

Crunch.

"Waaaaaarrgh!!!"

Fuck! She actually bit my hand!!

"You wanna go?!"

"Mmmmmmm!!!"

The two of them startle grappling and struggling with each other. Stuck between the two of them, Clarice looked to Karina for help.

Crunch crunch. She was eating popcorn.

Tch! Now that she thought about it, although she had nothing to do with this incident, but she too, was a member of the CLC. For an organisation that supposedly loved and adored her, they seriously weren't anything good for her life. Just as Clarice was about to fold up her sleeves to separate the two herself.

"Hoho. We were worried how you were doing, but it seems like we didn't have to."

"That seems so. Just look at how lively they are."

Everyone's heads turned to the new voice. Could it be, they thought but coulda was woulda. The royal couple who had cleanly abandoned the country and ran away were somehow, somewhen, snuck back in like a snake sneaking through walls. Everyone was so dumbfounded they didn't know where to begin.

Of course, the two iron-skin faces<sup>(4)</sup> were the exceptions.

"Clarice. You've had it hard. We believed that if it were you, you would brilliantly be able to overcome this crisis. There was good in holding back our tears and leaving you to it."

"Your Majesty. The others will feel left out."

"Ahh. That's right. Minwoo and Senyun, as well as Karina, good job. Especially Senyun. I didn't think that I would be that moved by your speech on true love. Really now, I... I'm getting all embarrassed here."

"Oh my. Your Majesty. Are you feeling embarrassed to another woman in front of your woman?"

Hahaha! Hohoho! The royal couple led on with their pointless chatter. It was so shameless no one present could say anything edgewise.

They'd have to find where to begin first.

"Mother. Leaving aside that fu... Father, why did Mother also leave the castle?"

It was a question that asked that why, at the very least, did she not remain behind to look after the kingdom. And the queen's answer was.

"Princess. You are asking an obvious question. A husband and wife are one from the beginning. What purpose would there be for me to remain without my husband?"

"....."

Ah fuck it, speechless it is. As expected of the queen whose head turned to flowers whenever it involved the king.

“Princess. Aren’t there greater problems at present?”

“Greater problems?”

The queen smirked. To someone (=king) it was a bright and happy smile, and at the same time to others(=everyone else) it was a foreboding omen.

“While we came back, I heard what the people were saying. That they were blessing the engagement of the princess and the hero.”

Surely not. Minwoo and Clarice both blanched. The king and queen exchanged a look before they opened their mouths together.

“Minwoo-”

“Princess-”

“”When would be a good date for the wedding?””

# Chapter 22

## The Holy Maiden's pupils flashes

*TN: Okay, so due to my own personal conflicts over whether to use 'holy maiden,' 'priestess' or 'saint,' I'm just going to primarily call her 'priestess' primarily, interchanging with 'holy maiden' whenever I need to, if only because 'holy maiden' just sounds so damn clunky as a form of address. 'Priestess' isn't much better, but it is so...*

*Also, 'pupil' in this refers to the hole in your eye that lets in light, rather than student.*

---

The time the Priestess's 'prayer' ended. Her retainer carefully opened the prayer hall doors. Priestess-nim. Are you in? From deep inside the room one could hear the rustling of clothes, and eventually an elegant voice came back.

"Come in."

As the retainer opened the door, a voluptuous silver-haired woman wearing nothing but a white robe over her naked body greeted him. It was the Holy Maiden 'Orleia.' Even as the male retainer stared at her dumbstruck she made no moves to hide her body. Rather, she proudly showed off her body like a cat and smiled satisfyingly.

'Mitohi-nim who watches over us says "do not be ashamed of showing your naked body to others. Rather, it is yourself that lacks confidence."'

It was a verse from the holy book 'Way of the Pupil' 69:74.(0.5) Unlike her former comrade Eri she wasn't someone who advocated exhibitionism any and everywhere, but nor did she denounce it. If she had to make a decision, you could say she'd have fun with it. Because like the father of the priesthood and the god of the Great Pupil Mitohi said, she had confidence in herself.

That there was no way that men wouldn't fall for this body.

"Th, that's... Ehem. The kingdom has sent a message."

As if his lower regions were getting uncomfortable, the retainer handed over the message in an awkward stance. Heh♪ Orleia looked at the envelope marked with the royal seal with interest. If it was the kingdom, that was the country where her ‘darling’ was residing in for now. Such a cold-hearted man. He just scoffed at her confession but when that woman of a prince asked him to stay in the kingdom he stayed in a heartbeat.

Orleia tore the seal with a face more befitting a villainess than a priestess as she venomously said.

“Speaking of which I heard that interesting things happened in that country lately.”

That troublemaker of a king made the prince into a woman and tried to marry her off to darling and a riot occurred because of that. Smirk. As Orleia opened the letter she unconsciously chortled. From what she heard, Prince Clarice became a woman in the end. But just because that was so, there was no reason for it to lead to their engagement. Plus, the opponent was that darling. That darling that, during their demon king subjugation adventures, had fended off countless body attacks<sup>(1)</sup> and honey traps.

It’s not like engagement was the name of some goblin in the neighbouring hunting grounds and it wouldn’t go through that easily...

‘Wedding invitation. The Otherworldly Hero Minwoo and the kingdom’s Fifth Princess Clarice are set to exchange vows of marriage. As the Hero’s old companion and saviour of the princess, we wish for the Mitohi faith’s White Holy Maiden Orleia to please visit the kingdom and bless their holy matrimony.’

And the world ended right then and there.



Hut! Orleia’s eyes snapped open. She looked around and saw she was in the prayer room. Thank goodness. Had she fainted in the middle of offering ‘prayers’. Orleia looked at the pupil mark that symbolised the faith and sighed in relief.

Ahh. O lord Mitohi. How must you try us so. No matter how much you wanted to punish this pig, that kind of low quality dream...

“That wasn’t a dream, Priestess.”

Fucking hell!

“Oh Great Pupil. Oh my goodness...”

The retainer passed another letter to despairing Orleia.

“What’s this?”

“It’s a letter. My lady Priestess dropped it as you were taking the letter out of the envelope.”

Why the heck would you send two letters? Orleia read through the letter, wary of any new disgusting surprises that might pop up. A wicked glint appeared in her eye. Orleia carefully folded the letter and smirked wickedly.

“Could it be... O Mitohi. Is this also your will. Kuk kuk...”<sup>(2)</sup>

Orleia ripped off her robe. Ignoring the retainer that was shocked at her naked body, Orleia started putting on her underwear and priestess garb that lay folded in a corner of the room.

“I need to meet the Bishop.”

“P, Priestess?!”

Lastly she took the holy sword and was about to hurriedly leave the prayer hall before she stopped and turned back to the retainer.

“You should stay here. You’ve got more pressing issues at hand, no?”

Orleia smirked. Her gaze was aimed directly down below, at the awkwardly standing retainer’s crotch.

Orleia left, and the red-faced retainer could only helplessly grip his crotch.



The second letter's contents were as follows.

To the noble Holy Maiden (性女) who follows the teachings of the the God of Sexuality (性神).<sup>(3)</sup> As the mother of the princess, I have something to request of you. Currently, even with marriage to the hero right on the horizon, our princess is still ignorant of her nature(gender) as a woman, and at this rate, I fear that there will be difficulties on the first night. Therefore, would it please the Holy Maiden to educate the princess on sexual activity as a woman. Because the princess has only dangerous women of the 'CLC' surrounding her, I only have you to rely on. Naturally, I will not be stingy in recompense for your services. Please.

– The Queen

In a nutshell, it meant to help out with Clarice's sex ed. Having read the message completely, Orleia felt complicated. Stroking the holy sword as she would her own child, Orleia felt so regretful she said.

"Let alone marrying off our holy hero, to ask me to teach the bride sex education..."

The Bishop bit his lip in mortification. To ask the noble Holy Maiden to teach sexual education was no problem. One of the principal tasks that the Mitohi faith that worship the Sexual God (it was said again, that it wasn't 聖(holy/sacred) but 性(sexual/gender).) was teaching those that were too shy and/or lacking knowledge of sexual activity proper sex ed.

The real problem was, Minwoo had been acknowledged by the Mitohi faith and was the Divine Hero that had the holy sword bestowed on him. If it was a relationship that ended with just the transferral of the holy sword then this wouldn't even be a problem. However, throughout the ages, the Mitohi faith took the Divine Hero as the husband of the Holy Maiden. Because one of the prerequisites of being accepted as the divine hero was winning the love of the Holy Maiden.

In other words, the holy sword was physical proof of the love between Divine Hero and the Holy Maiden. However the holy sword was currently in Orleia's hands. Because as soon as Minwoo had defeated the demon king he had thrown away the sword and returned with Clarice.

Indeed the cold-hearted man. But this farce was now over.

“Do not be so disappointed, my lord Bishop. On the contrary, this is an opportunity.”  
“Eh? Opportunity?”

Fufu. Orleia whispered furtively like a cat.

“The pleasure of a woman is several tens of times greater than a man. Do you really think that Princess Clarice, ignorant of all things sexual will be able to withstand it?”  
“Priestess. You don’t mean to say...”

The Bishop caught onto Orleia’s evil plan and shuddered. As if a sumptuous feast was laid out before her, she deliciously licked her red lips and said.

“Under the pretense of sexual education, I will make both Princess Clarice’s mind and body mine. Then if darling becomes Princess Clarice’s, then I can just make that princess mine. Because then darling also becomes mine.”

Quite the dreadful declaration. The Bishop wiped his nose with a finger, deeply moved. That’s our Holy Maiden!

Orleia embraced the holy sword as she imagined Clarice who was no doubt being all love-love with darling, as she slowly opened her eyes.

“Princess. I’ll yield his virginity.”

But-

“His chrysanthemum is mine.”

The lustful Holy Maiden’s eyes blazed.

# Chapter 23

## She's a pervert

The capital was lively with the sounds of festivities. To celebrate Princess Clarice and the Hero's marriage, the royal family had decided to hold a festival. There were numerous background reasons as to why they did so. To help bolster public relations that were damaged by the protests, as well as to completely seal the deal with the matter of the engagement.

Either way, the two people involved in said engagement that could arguably called the main characters of the festival, especially Clarice, wanted to smash through a window yelling "freedom!" If she hadn't hastily gone out and aggravated the protestors at that time then at least she wouldn't have had her nose cut off with her eyes wide open.<sup>(1)</sup>

No, before that, considering how much they were howling with anger against this marriage, how the heck did they turn to celebrating this engagement as easily as flipping pancakes.

Did they even have a conscience?

"The hero was quite popular among the people to begin with. It's a marriage between the two most celebrated people in the country, so there's no way they wouldn't be festive."

In that case why did they attack Hero-nim so much?

"Completely the opposite. It's because he was so popular that they felt all the more betrayed. Up till now, Hero-nim has denied all the scandals surrounding himself and you. Because Clarice was a man and he didn't like men. So everyone was resting reassured, then let alone the news that Your Highness was now a woman, the news that the hero was engaged to you as well came out of absolutely nowhere, so the CLC naturally felt like they'd been backstabbed."

But according to the Senyun the CLC had a hobby of enjoying 'coupling' her and Hero-nim together?

“Imaginations are only enjoyable as long as they remain in the imagination. During the demon king crisis, people heard that Your Highness almost married an orc and although they revelled in their minds, they didn’t want it to actually happen.”

Why the heck would you use that as a comparison?

“By the way, I was the source for that one.”

All of a sudden that comparison became so much more acceptable.

That wasn’t the only thing that had Clarice on edge. There was another horrifying problem that made everything else pale in comparison. It had sunk beneath the tsunami of reality up till now, but it was only after the engagement was set up that it came back up to the surface. The thing that rose up to the choppy surfaces from the depths was something that she quite simply couldn’t look at head on, something that horrified her to make her just want to shut herself up in her room, eyes and ears sealed. It was terrible. It was horrible.

And that name was-

“Your Highness. Have you studied for the bridal night?”

Bridal night. That was, the ‘first night’.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!!!! Clarice clutched her head and despaired. Despite Karina looking on with pitiful eyes, she didn’t care and crawled back under the covers. Her face was burning red like an inferno.

She knew she was being an idiot. But how could she help her embarrassment. Engagement lead to marriage, marriage had the bridal chamber waiting, and what happened in the bridal chamber was s... s... se...

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!!!!!!

Dunno about anyone else, but bridal chamber with Hero-nim! Bridal night! First night! S... s... se... Khm! That! There’s no way she could do that!

“So does that mean it’s alright with someone else?”

“Never!!!”

“Isn’t it alright then?”

“But, but! I don’t... Want...”

Clarice mumbled, her face peeking out from below the covers. Her face blushed bright as she fidgeted, looking every bit like the woman she was meant to be. Great job, Madam Wellington. Karina stoppered up her nosebleed and smirked.

“So reject → abject → accept, so that means you want it, in rhyme, don’t you?”

“.....”

More than her fear of the first night, her annoyance at Karina was greater.

“Before that, the two of them are waiting for you. Your Highness, now would be a good time to head to the parlor.”

Was it that time already. Clarice dragged her lifeless feet to the parlour. Although Karina tried to convince and reassure her in the meantime (“Your Highness. Sex isn’t such a scary thing. Don’t be too scared. It actually feels really good?”, “Have you done it Karina?”, “I saw it in an ero-doujin.”, .....”) it didn’t seem to have much effect.

The two of them arrived at the parlour. Having safely accompanied Clarice, Karina left to accompany the ‘guests.’ Left alone, Clarice took a deep breath before she opened the door. Peekaboo. Through the gap between the doors she could hear an argument in full storm.

“Weird thing? Senyun. What kind of a regrettable name is that? I only taught some of your comrades Womb Power?”

“That’s-what-I’ve-been-saying!! Why did you teach them that kind of thing! Now everyone’s stripping because of you Eri! God damn it!”

“Don’t you know that good things are meant to be shared? Now my lifelong wish has finally started to take fruit and you’re not even supporting me...”

“Shut up. Who wouldn’t know that you’re just selling out the princess’s name?”

“Why? Isn’t it the truth that it’s ‘The Womb Power even Princess Clarice learnt?’”

“Don’t use the princess for that kind of crap! It’s disgusting!”

Ah. She didn’t want to go in. She really didn’t. But she couldn’t help it. Feeling like she was swallowing needles, walking across coals barefooted, she went in. As Clarice showed herself the two of them stopped fighting and stood up.

“Princess?!”

Senyun who greeted her with a bright smile as if she’d never been angry in the first place,

“Y, y-y, Your Highness. Ehem. Have you been doing well?”

Ericia who greeted her all fidgety like a dog that needed to ‘go.’ For the record, she was wearing bikini armour. Sigh. Clarice sighed and made a disdainful expression.

“Eri. This is inside the palace. At the very least, put on a robe.”

Urk. Crestfallen, Eri pulled a robe around herself. It was quite the pure expression, maybe as a result of having nearly been killed by Clarice (and Minwoo). Although she’d brought it onto herself.

Senyun ran over to Clarice and pointed at Ericia.

“Princess! Princess! Throw this nutcase into the dungeons immediately under lese majeste!”

“Calm down, Senyun. Lese majeste?”

“This idiot’s spreading false rumours that you’ve learn Womb Power to spread it around! There’s no way that Your Highness would learn something as dumb as that! Wouldn’t you?!”

“.....”

Clarice could only hold her peace. I’m sorry. That kind of dumb power, I learned it. At her depressed reaction, Senyun’s eyes began to be dyed in the colours of terror. Her reaction was similar to a commoner boy that just learned that pretty noble ladies pooped and pissed just like everyone else.

“Eh? Surely, not... Right? Surely Your Highness wouldn’t have...”

“And what did I say? That it was the truth?”

Ericia smirked smugly. Senyun backpedalled in horror. Ericia somehow crept up behind Senyun, grabbed her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

“Don’t you want to learn it too, Senyun? It’s a chance to have the same power as Her

Highness?"

"Th, that... I, I....."

Senyun looked towards Clarice with plaintive eyes. Right now she was most certainly torn to make a decision. Feeling that if she left this alone, Senyun too, would fall to the hands of exhibitionism, Clarice called over Eri.

"Eri. Know that if you keep trying to recruit Senyun I'll order your womb to be ripped out of your body."

"....."

"And from now on, don't use my name either. If you do, I'll erase Eri's name from the nobles' registry."

"....."

"Answer."

".....Sob, I, I'm sorry..."

The trauma was significant.

Lamenting that her personality had really taken a turn for the worse lately, Clarice bade the two people sit. As if it were perfectly natural, Eri sat on Clarice's opposite side, as far away as possible to boot, and in contrast, Senyun stuck right close to Clarice. Clarice glanced at Senyun.

This was somewhat awkward. She'd prefer it if she kept her distance somewhat. But on the other hand, Clarice was amazed at how even though a woman was snuggling right up and personal with her, she didn't feel even a trace of attraction. Although Clarice was the somewhat dense type to begin with, the bigger reason was that she'd already seen all of Senyun's shameful and should-not-be-seen moments and hence she had no romantic feelings for her at all. To be honest, even if it wasn't Senyun, all of the women around her had some screws loose with their heads so she wondered whether she even had any romantic feelings for women.

If you were to provide an example-

'I will have, hold and cherish her for the rest of my life.'

'I don't want to lose my important person a second time.'

'Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?'

.....

“Princess? Your face is bright red. Are you feeling ill?”

“N, no. It. Th, that. Ehem!”

Couldn't be helped. Even from a man's point of view (although she was a woman now) he was so wonderful.

“B, before that, the reason I called the two of you here today, was to ask you something.”

Even while her heat still hadn't passed off, Clarice quickly changed the subject.

“”Ask us something?””

“I heard that the two of you, with Hero-nim were accompanied by the Holy Maiden of the Mitohi faith on your adventures.”

“”Urkl!””

Holy Maiden. When those words came out, both of them shuddered instantly. At the odd reaction, Clarice's eyes widened.

“What's the matter?”

“Nothing. If it's the Priestess, she's just... Right?”

“Mm. Princess. Why are you asking about our adventures with the Priestess?”

“Nothing much. I just wanted to know just what kind of person the Holy Maiden is.”

“” ..... ””

Senyun and Ericia shared an unreadable glance between each other. Senyun cautiously opened her mouth.

“How much does Your Highness know about the Holy Maiden?”

It wasn't like Clarice knew that much. Since each member of the hero party was doing their own thing in the demon king castle, she couldn't meet with them, and at the victory party that the kingdom held to celebrate the hero party's return she was stuck in her room recuperating. To sum up what Clarice knew, it was as follows.

Holy Maiden. Name, Orleia. Holy Maiden of the Mitohi faith, which worshiped the God of the Pupil Mitohi, that governed over all things sexual. Age 18, a member of the hero

party. Famous for her gentle pure personality befitting of her role as the Holy Maiden.

“Gentle...”

“Pure...”

The two people were lost for words. Whenever she acted coy and shy and peaceful in the name of image-making, they’d said it made them lose their appetites, but to think it actually worked.

Senyun scowled and said.

“That, I don’t know where to begin... But not her.”

“Sincerely for Your Highness’s sake, for the sake of Your Highness and Minwoo’s peaceful marriage, it would be the best if you don’t meet with the Priestess.

Senyun nodded. Just what kind of person was the Holy Maiden? That curiosity only lasted the briefest period before the words she heard next made her freeze.

“In one word.”

“One word?”

“She’s a pervert.”

“.....Pervert?”

Just as their conversation was getting heated, a knock on the door echoed through the room.

Knock knock.

“Your Highness. The Holy Maiden has arrived.”

“”?!””

Senyun and Ericia leapt up from their seat. Both of them had expressions doubting their ears. Feeling somewhat apologetic, Clarice replied.

“Come in.”

When she did, Karina opened the door, and the Holy Maiden appeared. Senyun and Ericia gaped, horrified. Clarice couldn’t take her eyes off the Holy Maiden’s pure appearance. Pure white. White hair, white skin with white dress, everything about her

felt incredibly pure.

A clean person. That was her first impression of the Holy Maiden. It felt like not even the 'p' in pervert would be anywhere near her.

"Your Highness. Greetings. I am the Mitohi faith's Holy Maiden, Orleia."

Orleia held the edges of her dress and curtsied. Her eyes made beautiful crescents as she smiled. Clarice was surprised at the fact that her eyes were red, and surprised again at her sharp gaze similar to a cat. But above all that, to the extent that all the above could be considered charming points, Orleia was beautiful.

As if she was saddened by the still-frozen Senyun and Ericia, Orleia pouted.

"Both of you, it's been a while. Really, how could you not keep in touch all that time?"

Between. Us. She enunciated clearly in a quiet whisper. Senyun scowled and asked.

"H, how are you here..."

"I told the princess to keep my coming here a secret. As a surprise♪ fufu. It's Princess Clarice's wedding soon, so it's only natural that I arrived at the castle, no?"

For. My. Darling. She enunciated clearly in a quiet whisper. Ericia scowled and asked.

"Just what are you plotting?"

"Plot? Oh my, I have no idea what you're talking about♪"

Having expertly batted away her questions, Orleia approached Clarice. Her brilliant eyes licked every inch and crevice of Clarice's body from up close. For a moment, Clarice felt an odd embarrassment like she'd suddenly been stripped naked. She shuddered unconsciously.

"Indeed. A beauty as the rumours described. It's hard to believe that you were once a man."

"Or, Orleia, too... Is extremely beautiful."

A foolish answer. Fufu♪ Orleia laughed diabolically in her mind.

“We’ll be getting quite close with each other so you can be comfortable with me. Oral. My name’s Orleia so you can me Oral.”

Because I really like oral. She whispered stickily into her ear.

‘In one word.’

‘One word?’

‘She’s a pervert.’

‘..... Pervert?’

She realised those words were correct.

# Chapter 24

## The joy of prayer

'In one word.'

'One word?'

'She's a pervert.'

'..... Pervert?'

She realised those words were correct.

"Speaking of which, it's unfair that only Your Highness gets to call me by a nickname♪  
Can I call Your Highness by a pet name as well?"

Hmmm what would be good... Orleia uncurled her finger as she was cutely lost in thought, before she clapped her hands and said brightly.

"Since it's Princess Clarice, how about Clitoris! Fufu♪ It's a really feminine nickname for that's totally suits Your Highness's new life as a woman, right?"

It's too feminine you nutcase! Those words were this close to erupting out of Clarice's mouth. This was bad. To think that she'd lose her cool this quickly. She was worse than Eri.

"You, oi you! What did you dare call the princess!!"

"Eh? Senyun... could it be, Jea. Lou. Sy?"

"Wh, what?!"

"Don't worry. That reminds me, I haven't rubbed your breasts lately. Senyun is at her growth period so I shouldn't have neglected it. I'm sorry."

Aaaaghh!! Senyun clutched her breasts and quickly hid behind Clarice. Meanwhile, Orleia's evil hands(?) didn't stop at Senyun.

"Eri♪"

"Hiiik!"

Ericia had been sneaking away when she shrieked like a little girl, before stiffly turning round to face Orleia. Orleia clapped her hands in Ericia's direction before she smiled

"Massage. It's been a while since I gave you one... Your muscles haven't gotten stiff, right?"

Aaaaaghh!! Ericia covered her body before she swiftly hid behind Clarice. Quiver quiver. Having become a shield for the two of them in an instant, Clarice laughed bitterly as she thought.

Indeed one of Hero-nim's comrades. She doesn't disappoint.

In a bad way.



Clarice sent out the two people that seemed stricken by PTSD. Rather, 'escaped' might be a more fitting word for it. Orleia licked her chops with a wistful gaze. To be honest, it gave Clarice the shivers. Orleia elegantly drank the tea Karina brought out and ogled Clarice.

"Well, spending quality time together with the princess isn't bad either♪"

Clarice was right on edge. Since the two people had disappeared, her perverted words and actions would no doubt be aimed at her. But her fears ended up being unfounded. Orleia's 'quality' teatime passed by surprisingly normally. As if it was obvious, her topic of interest was naturally about Clarice.

Namely, Clarice's emotions towards Minwoo.

"Then it's not like you love d... ehem, Minwoo."

"L, l-l, love?! Ha... N, no! To think that someone like me could l-l-l, love Hero-nim?!"

Or Clarice's lingering regrets for her male body.

"So if you could go back to being a man you would as soon as you could."

"Of course. A woman's body is really... if nothing else, my breasts keep getting in the way so I just can't stand it."

".....I admit that they're a massive size."

Or Clarice's feelings towards this marriage.

"So this marriage isn't because you want it."

"Of course not. That f, huuu... Father's antics caused things to go in quite the odd direction, leading to the current situation.

Somewhere down the line, Clarice was emptying her heart and telling her everything. Now that she had a chance to talk, she was quite a good conversation partner. Maybe it was simply the class of a Holy Maiden. Then again, there's no way that the Holy Maiden really would be a pervert. Clarice was relaxed with that thought in mind.

"Then shall we get to the main topic?"

Right until she said those words.

Ah. Clarice let out sound of despair as she despaired. That was it. She remembered it. She remembered it. She went and remembered it. She remembered it. The reason that she was here in the capital. She wasn't here simply to make peaceful small talk.

Officially, she was the Hero's former companion, one of the saviours of the kingdom, and the Mitohi faith's Holy Maiden, here to attend the wedding...

"Now~ It's time for the long-awaited sex ed time♪"

Unofficially, she was also here to teach Clarice sex ed in preparation for the first night, to get Clarice familiar with her female body.

Normally, Clarice's sex ed would be Madam Wellington's job as part of bridal training. But-

'Eh? Teach Her Highness sex ed? S, sex ed meaning seX? Th, th, then, under the cover of sex ed we can to this and that with...! Ho, hoho hohohohhhohohohohohohohohohoho hohohhhhh!!!!!"

And she was carted off with excessive blood loss from a nosebleed. From what was revealed afterwards, she too, was a CLC member. Clarice begged the queen that if she had to learn this, at least not from the CLC.

“♪”

And so here we were.

Behind Karina leading the way, behind Orleia's light, jaunty steps as she hummed, Clarice followed behind like a death row prisoner being sent off to the guillotine.

“Then call me if you need anything.”

Having done her part, Karina looked worriedly back at her charge one last time, before she left the room. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Clarice's eyes darted around feeling awkward as anything else. It was a fatal mistake to imagine sex ed would be as simple as the theory of ‘where do babies come from?’ Sex ed to a woman on the eve of her marriage, what else would it be but night techniques?

Since becoming a woman, Clarice had not done a single sexual action. Now she'd more or less adjusted to life with a female body, but one step further and she felt that the balance would almost certainly break.

As in, her balance of her gender identity.

“Before we begin, can you promise me something?”

Orleia winked before she cutely wiggled her pinky.

“In the Mitohi faith, we only teach fellow believers of Mitohi. So at the very least, while you're learning sex ed from me, please be my Sister.”

“.....You're not going to do anything weird, right?”

It was an obvious doubt. Just how on earth would you expect to trust a woman who, with her own mouth, asked to be called Oral because she liked oral?

“Oh my♪ Such words hurt, you know. It's just offering ‘prayers’ to Mitohi-nim?”

Prayer... Just that much would be alright. Clarice was none the wiser that Orleia's tongue had flickered out like a cobra's.

“Then, should we begin with the sex ed?”

“...Eh?”

Surprise at Orleia's sudden approach was only an instant, before -poof- Clarice fell back onto the bed.

"?!?!?!"

"Fufu♪ Don't be so scared. It'll all be over as you count the stains in the ceiling."

You trust me? Having climbed onto her stomach, Orleia smiled seductively as she took off her Holy Maiden outfit.

No. I can't trust you. She wanted to say.

V(♥0♥)V

"O, Orleia. Why are you taking off my clothes for sex ed?"

"Because they get in the way♪"

"Hu! O, Orleia, why are you groping my breasts for sex ed?"

"Because you need to get used to it♪"

"Hiik! O, Orleia... for, sex ed, why are you sucking on it?!"

"Because I wonder if it tastes like cherries♪"

"Hwaaah! O, Orleia... Why are you touching... Aaahuuuu!"

"Because Your Highness is so pure like a fool♪"

"Don't wanna..... please, stop..."

"Hmmmmnn~ So you want me to stop?"

"....."

"You're still only cute even if you glare at me. Which reminds me princess, you kept calling me Orleia since earlier. Didn't I say to call me Oral?"

"....."

"Eh? What?"

".....Oral"

"What? I can't hear you?"

"Oral... Please stop..."

"Hm? You want me to do oral for you? Alright. I'll serve oral for you♪"

"Oi you crazy bitch!!!!!!"

"Kuhuuuk!!!!!!"

V(♥0♥)V

Orleia was knocked down by breasts that leapt up to clear her out. Breasts. Springy breasts. It was the breast momentum that Ericia had (forcibly) taught Clarice. To think the day would come that she'd ever be thankful to Eri.

Orleia staggered up before she spat out blood-streaked spit with a 'ptooey.' Maybe it was because she'd thrown away all pretense of affection, but now she seemed out for blood.

"My word... to think you'd actually learned Womb Power... Seems like I need to adjust my plans..."

"You just said plan didn't you?! Didn't you?!"

Clarice accused her. No wonder it seemed weird. What kind of sex ed straight out of an ero-doujin was that?!

"Tch. What? What's with that 'I'm dirtied~ I can't be a bride anymore~' kind of face you're making?"

Orleia smirked, wiping her mouth. Up till now, Clarice had never... NOT felt this kind of killing intent, but the third. The first was at Father. Second, Ericia. Now with Orleia, the 'absolute no answer' trio had assembled.

And Orleia, the standalone solo top of the absolute no answer trio, glanced over at the clock on the wall.

"Well, that's alright. It's time for prayer as well so I'll let you off the hook."

"You said let you off just now?! Didn't you?!"

"Surely not♪ You probably just misheard vagina~"(1)

"Just call it letting you off..."

With a solemn face, Orleia placed a finger on her lips.

"Shh. Quiet. It's time for prayer. If Sister continues to make a fuss, then Mitohi-nim will not forgive you either."

"You're the one that needs forgiveness first!!"

Ho? Orleia's eyes glinted.

"Sister. If I recall, you promised? That while you are learning sex ed from me, you shall

offer prayer as a believer of Mitohi.”

“ㄱ”

Clarice raised her middle finger without a shred of hesitation. It was a brilliant gesture that she had learned from watching Minwoo and Senyun’s arguments from over their shoulders.

But that was a mistake.

“.....Is that so. Then it can’t be helped. I’ll just have to borrow Mitohi-nim’s power to. Punish. My. Bad. Sister.”

Orleia’s smile sent the greatest shiver down Clarice’s spine to date. Clarice thought. Is this woman seriously a Holy Maiden?!

“Turn on MITOHI(O pupil watch over us).”

At the sudden change in mood, as if the balance of power had drastically shifted to one side, Clarice froze.

“Tag(Borrowing the voice of God I command)”

A command that turned the powers of god into reality-

“Female:Masturbation(Teach our Sister the pleasures of prayer).”

At that moment, Clarice realised that she had passed over a very important question. And even if she didn’t want to know the answer, she understood the answer.

The prayer of the Mitohi faith, was.....

# Chapter 25

## The beginning of all this (censored ver)

*Umm, yeah. Censored version. Instead of leaving out scenes, author decided to replace the relevant words with XX or XXX or just Xes in general. I don't have access to the uncensored version (no account and no ability to make one since I don't have any KR residence papers), so I don't quite know what they refer to either. Hence the translation might be a lot slacker than normal (not that it was that great normally, lol) in the censored sections.*

*Self-edited this time because I think my editor gave up on waiting for me during the weeks I went awol. My fault entirely if he did.*

---

Karina. Age 21. Personal maid to Fifth Princess Clarice and fervent member of the Clarice fanclub 'Citizens that Love Clarice'. Living proof of an instance where work and hobby were one and the same, a careerwoman who found success at a young age, and she was currently in the middle of the greatest dilemma of her life.

'Me as a CLC member? Or as the princess's personal maid?'

She was stationed outside Clarice's door when she heard sounds. Moans. At that moment, to borrow a phrase from the Mitohi faith, she turned on her pupils.<sup>(1)</sup> Lest she missed out on even a bit of the noises that came from 'Princess\_and\_Holy\_Maidens\_lewd\_sex\_ed.txt',<sup>(2)</sup> Karina was standing with her ear flat against the door. Drawing a picture of the garden of lilies that was no doubt unfolding in that room, her chest heaved up and down and her breaths were steaming 'foooo' out of her nose-

Please just this once, I'm sorry, so please stop, Karina heard the princess crying from the other side of the door. Kigigigigigigik- Karina unconsciously scratched the door. The CLC Karina bolted up.

'Threesome! In for a penny, in for three!'

Okay! That's what CLC member should be!! Just as Karina was about to turn the door handle.

'Action stop. Do you want to get fired?'

The personal maid Karina countered. And so Karina's head turned into a warzone.

'You were here in case something like this happened. But let alone helping the princess in peril you're jumping in for a threesome? Before you get fired as a maid, do you want neck cut off by the princess personally?'

'Lol cool story. Nutcase.'

'Didn't you learn from Ericia that living life entirely by your own desires ends in seeing blood?'

'And why is the almighty personal maid rattling on so long for? You wimping out?'

'Wimp? Alright then. If we go in now, I bet my head and my neck on us getting completely and utterly fucked over!'

Karina screwed her eyes shut and grabbed the door handle. A moment, an instant for the world, but to Karina it may as well have been an eternity. Karina, slowly let go of the door handle. At the end of a bitter struggle that would have put an all-out firefight to shame, the personal maid won out. Now all that was left was to rescue the princess from the Priestess's lewd hands. However Karina bolted away from the place. Her instincts toned by many ero-doujins were telling her this.

If she went in right then, it would have turned into  
'Princess\_and\_Maid\_and\_Holy\_Maidens\_lewd\_sex\_ed.txt.'

'Hero. Hero-nim was needed here. The Hero that could lead away the pupil... '



"Is it because of Hero-nim?"

Just before her body, caught by a command and subsequently hanging like a marionette was about to do XX, Clarice yelled that in a fit of 'fuck it!' Her body stopped. It was a critical hit. Since she still couldn't struggle or move, Clarice could only look at Orleia dead-on.

Orleia was... Glaring at her savagely enough that she was about to leak. Wordlessly.

Which made Clarice feel like she was going to leak even more.

“You wouldn’t do something like this without a reason. I heard from Senyun and Eri. That you adore Hero-nim, calling him ‘darling.’

Orleia... Glared at her with a look that said ‘so?’ that made Clarice want to leak. Wordlessly. So she felt like she really was going to leak.

“To you, I am a thorn in your side, or a thieving cat. To interfere with the upcoming marriage, that’s what you’re doing this for, right?”

Orleia... Glared at her with a look that said ‘carry on.’ that made Clarice want to leak. Wordlessly. And maybe she did, just a tiny bit, leak just a tiiny bit...

“Cough, ehem! So, maybe, you were probably trying to call off the marriage by damaging my purity...”

Pfft. Orleia laughed. A mocking laughter that dug straight into the mind. Clarice too, thought it ridiculous with purity and whatnot. She really wanted to find a deep hole and bury herself in it...

“Clitoris. You really are pure.”

“.....Clarice is fine.”

I don’t care if you don’t speak formally so please just call me Clarice.

“Clitoris. Something like your virginity is none of my concern.”

“Clarice...”

“Who cares about something as petty as that? I, want something far greater than that.”

Orleia strutted up right up and close before she grabbed Clarice’s chin and looked dead in her eyes. Her red eyes blazed with lust. As if she was about to be eaten.

“That’s right. Clitoris. You, yourself.”

“No, my name is Clarice...”

“I know I can’t stop the wedding between Clee and darling. But even so it doesn’t mean I just have to suck my thumb and watch, right? Isn’t that right, Clitoris?”

“Clee is good. Call me Clee.”

“So I’m going to make you mine, Clee. And I am going to get darling using you as a

pretext.”

“Thank you... Thank you very much...”

But thanks were short-lived, as Clarice snapped to attention and argued.

“Do you think that this will make me yours! Forget it! For Hero-nim’s sake I will never submit to you.”

“Hooooo...”

Orleia’s eyes flashed. Even worse. To the point where all Clarice’s hairs stood up on end. Clarice clicked her teeth internally. Damn it. She should have just shut up.

“Alright then. Shall we give it a shot? How much can Clee endure for her Hero-nim.”

Snap- Orleia elegantly snapped her fingers. As if her strings were cut, Clarice was freed from the bindings of the command. She didn’t know what was going to happen. But this was her chance. Clarice quickly bundled up her clothes and made to flee.

“Tag (Borrowing the voice of God I command)”

Before she said those words.

‘Now what?!’

“Female:Tentacles(May the Pupil’s hands and feet offer guidance of a female’s pleasure.)”

Clarice was completely and utterly terrified. Mysterious formations appeared in mid-air before assorted thick cephalopod limbs sprang from them. In one word, tentacles. With their sleek surfaces while wriggling busily, tentacles. Those movements really were filthy. If a pervert’s desires were solidified, they would probably look like that.

Since the kingdom was land-locked, it had few opportunities to interact with cephalopods. Most of the kingdom probably didn’t know what they even were. But Clarice knew what they were. No, more accurately, she knew ‘what they were used for.’

Because she’d seen them digging into countless young boys at the demon king castle!!

“N, no! Don’t get near me! Don’t get near me!!!”

Leaving desperate last words, Clarice was captured by the tentacles. Entangling themselves around her hands and legs, she was lifted up in the shameful sight of her thighs spread wide open. Naked.

Wow.

She really wanted to bite her tongue off and die.

“Pft, kuku.<sup>(3)</sup> ah, sorry. It’s just such a pleasant sight...”

Orleia snickered with the corners of her mouth curled upwards. Clarice was going to kill her. She was going to kill that motherfucking bitch! Her eyes lit up with killing intent. But even that deadset determination didn’t last long.

“XX!”

As Orleia playfully stroked her XXed XX, a XX XX came out. She couldn’t refuse the XXing XX and Clarice’s XX was XX to the point it was XX. Annoyingly enough...

“Dunno if it’s because it’s XX but even your XX is pretty. Kinda like XX. Does XX even get XX here?”

She kept on XXing with her XX XX and she XXed. A XX feeling like she was being poked with a XX passed over her. XX just kept on bursting out of her.

“I, I don’t do... That kind of thing...!”

Clarice XX XX her XX and glared at Orleia. Smirk. Orleia snickered.

“My, even if you XX like a XX, it only brings up more XX, you know?”

“To do something like this... Aren’t you ashamed to face the hero?!”

“Hmm♪ Still mouthing off in this situation? It seems like Clee hasn’t caught on yet.”

Orleia gripped Clarice’s chin with a lithe hand. Yet her eyes were still blazing like a spider tearing apart its prey. She whispered quietly in her ear.

“That should be me asking that. Isn’t Clee ashamed to face darling?”

“What...!”

XX! Clarice barely swallowed a XX. As Orleia nibbled at her XX it started to XX. It hurt. It hurt so much she teared up a little. That XX-like XX hungrily violated her XX. A hot XX turned her XX into a sopping XX. Clarice's vision swam.

"XX. So bright red. It's cute."

"Stop...!"

"Why don't you go ahead and try out that Womb Power again? Ah, not that you can escape from the tentacles anyway."

Playing with Clarice's reddened XX she teased her mercilessly.

"Should we try waiting? Who knows. Maybe even this time, darling, your Hero-nim will appear with a 'tada' and rescue our crybaby princess."

"What, what are you..."

"I've heard a lot about Clee. You were nearly imprisoned after becoming a woman, weren't you? And after that, was assaulted by both the knights and Eri, and recently you only narrowly avoided a terrible fate against the mob, no?"

"....."

Clarice shut her mouth. She had no choice but to. Because by now she could tell what she wanted to say.

"And every time, didn't darling rescue you like a prince on his white horse? Clee. Isn't the captured princess role enough with that one time with the demon king? Just because your body is female, has your entire mind turned into a woman's? A pretty, helpless princess that can do nothing without her prince on his white horse."

"Th, that's not my fault..."

"Ah. Right. It's all everyone else's fault. Because you're just a victim. But think about it. Just why all this is happening."

The start was when Father tried to marry herself and the hero out of nowhere. And from that, she became a woman, and because of her gender change, the imprisonment incident occurred. To cheer herself up over the that incident she went to the training grounds, and because she went to the training grounds, she was assaulted by Eri and the knights, and because of that Senyun, in her shock spread the rumour around. And the protests arose as a result. Because of that-

"The marriage ended up being a done deal. Now, another problem."

Orleia raised her index finger and smiled.

“The beginning of all this, namely, the reason for why the king wanted to marry off the darling and Clee together, no what would that be?”

Clarice, barely, managed to speak up.

“Because... Father... Was wary of Hero-nim...”

“Nope!”

“.....”

“You’re not completely wrong. About, 50 points? Think about it Clee. Just a bit further. Just why the king had to be wary of the hero. Just why did he have to be wary.”

Clarice’s face paled beyond what words could describe. Orleia felt her greatest satisfaction so far in this face-off with Clarice as she taunted.

“The answer is, because even though the hero beat the demon king he didn’t go back to his original world and stayed in the kingdom♪”

Clarice couldn’t say anything.

She realised.

That, if she hadn’t selfishly asked Hero-nim to stay in the kingdom, to repay her saviour, none of this would have happened to begin with.



She had, dimly, been somewhat aware of this. Just that she had been turning a blind eye to it all this time.

“Darling even beat the demon king for Clee. And yet, because of Clee, let alone what he had to suffer, now he’s stuck in an unwanted marriage. All because of you, Clee, and your selfishness.”

“.....”

She asked.

“Clee. Do you have any trace of a conscience? Aren’t you ashamed to face darling? Even though you don’t even like him? You don’t even want to be a woman? You didn’t even want this marriage?”

“.....”

“I would have thought it couldn’t be helped if Clee liked darling like I did. Even if you went as far as changing your sex I would have accepted it if you really wanted to be with darling that much.”

“.....”

“But it’s not? Clee is just ‘I don’t know anything, I’m just a victim.’ and is always waiting for darling to rescue you? None the wiser that’s pushing darling even further into a corner.”

Clarice couldn’t say anything. She couldn’t. Because it was all correct. She could only hang her head and feel her foolishness weigh down on her. Orleia looked on Clarice and smiled, satisfied. And once again she started XXing her XX. As she XX XX with her XX, she enjoyed Clarice’s XX.

Even in her ragged state the XX was XX in XX. But she no longer had any strength to XX.

“Mm. That’s a good girl. Now you get it. Clarice is a bad girl who got her respected hero in trouble, isn’t she? Bad girls should be punished, right?”

Clarice choked in a breath. A XX that that was leaking a XX XX from the XX wriggled as it approached. Orleia stroked the XX with her finger and put it inside Clarice’s mouth. It tasted sweet. Gradually her mind started fading and her face started reddening. Meanwhile, the XX was raised as if to pierce Clarice’s XX. Hard, rigid, thick... Completely unlike her puny XX when she was a man, a XX that could be called a weapon...

“Fufu♪ Don’t be scared. It’ll all be over as you count the stains on the ceiling.”

You trust me? She spread open Clarice’s XX and smiled.

At the same time the door was smashed off its hinges and struck Orleia.

“Kuwheek!?!!”

A bright light. The tentacles that had been restricting Clarice’s limbs were neatly cut.

Someone hurriedly caught the falling Clarice. Clarice lifted her head. There was no mistaking the outline in her blurry vision. Needless to say...

“Ha. Haha. Ow my head... Clee. Look at this. Saved again? Is this the fourth time now? Or the fifth if you want to include the demon king?”

“Orleia.”

Minwoo cut her off with a frigid voice. Vision was so blurry, Clarice couldn't tell what kind of expression Minwoo was making. Only then did she realise it was because of her tears.

“Darling. It's been a while. I really wanted to see you. To the point where I missed even that contemptuous gaze of yours.”

“Orleia.”

“Mm. I'm here. Darling.”

“You wanna die?”

Pfft. Orleia let out a cheerful laugh.

“I don't mind dying here. If it's by darling's hands. But darling, don't you have to take responsibility for the holy sword?”

“You.....”

“Fufu. Really, that face really suits you, darling. While I want to just embrace you right now, I'll hold back today. I'm a girl who can read that mood at least that much.”

Then see you later. Orleia left with those words. They could sense the presence of people beginning to gather. Clarice barely opened her mouth.

“Hero-nim...”

“Mm. I'm here. Are you alright?”

“I want to be alone... Please go away...”

After a moment of silence, Minwoo said he understood. After everyone left, even sending Karina away, Clarice thought, alone, until the sun began to set. The entire night, she thought over the daggers that the Holy Maiden had dug into her. And after a long, hard night of thinking, Clarice came to a conclusion.

This marriage should never have happened.

# Chapter 26

## Just for a single day, please be my lover

Even as the day of the wedding between the hero and Clarice drew nearer, the castle remained in a highly unsettled state. The reason was the profane rumours that was doing the rounds. The rumour that the Holy Maiden Orleia that had been staying at the castle since a couple of days ago was actually promised for marriage to the Otherworldly Hero Park Minwoo. There were numerous witnesses to suggest that this wasn't pure hearsay, either.

As the vice-captain of the knight order E\*\*\*\*\* testified,

"I heard a long time ago from the Priestess. A long, long time ago, the Mitohi faith chose the holy Hero as their Holy Maiden's husband, and bestowed the holy sword as proof of that union. That said, even if the hero was still remembered, the deal with marriage to the hero was a long-forgotten tradition that no one except the Mitohi people remember. It's been very peaceful lately that before the demon king appeared again, no one needed the hero or chosen one or holy sword or whatnot."

As the rookie of the mage corps and granddaughter of the archmage, Se\*\*\*\* testified,

"Yeah, it's right. That that asshole Minwoo and that damn bitch are promised to each other. But don't get me wrong. Minwoo was all happy that the clergy gave him the holy sword, and then he got caught out. There wasn't even 1 percent of his own willingness, you know? My goodness, to think the day I would advocate for Minwoo would come..."

And as the person in question, the Otherworldly Hero Park \*\*\*\*\* testified,

"Damn it. Damn it. Shit. Fuck. God damn it!..... Ah, I'm sorry, Miss Karina. Believe me. I never had any intention of bigamy at all! I just needed the holy sword to beat the crap out of the demon king! If I knew that marriage was one of the conditions I never would have taken the thing! I don't even know what to do either! Clarice hasn't been willing to meet me since that incident...!"

And as the person in question the White Holy Maiden Or\*\*\*\* bullshat,

“Oh my. You’re busy from the early morning♪ It’s a nice sight, seeing you work so hard. So much that I could just wait in bed for... Eh? Ah, ah. That incident was quite the shock. The knights came charging in for attempted rape or whatnot, but I was simply doing what the queen asked of me and taught her sex ed. Since the princess didn’t want me charged either, then that’s that, no?

The rumours? Of course. It’s the truth. Really, I have every right to resent the princess. She stole a man that was already taken that’s what... Well, it’s true that I tricked darling. But does that change anything? The fact that darling and I are promised to each other in marriage is established fact. There’s a reason why many a playboy pokes holes in the condom to marry rich young ladies. I just did something similar.

Instead of a child, an engagement. Just because you complain that you were tricked, does the conceived child disappear? Same thing. The holy sword here is very much safe and sound. As the proof of darling and my engagement. If darling continues to deny this till the very end... Then as a devout believer of Mitohi I will openly declare a warrant for him. I do wonder if the kingdom will continue to shelter him then.”

.....

Karina asked genuinely.

“Do you have a conscience?”

When she did, Orleia responded as if it was obvious.

“Love is a battlefield. If you bother taking care of things like conscience then that begs to be backstabbed. In order to not be on the losing side, you must make the first move.”

She smiled mercilessly.

“So that they cannot run away.”

Moreover, that rumour was one that Orleia and the Mitohi faith had spread. Damn assholes. Back to the topic at hand, for the sake of the dignity and peace of the hero and Clarice’s marriage, even as Karina busily moved around to identify the truth behind the rumours, the actual rumours in question didn’t die down.

.....Because there were several eyewitness reports that Minwoo and Orleia were more than amicable in each other's company.

As Mister random name who occupied the seat of normal person... No, captain of the knight order testified,

"While the hero was teaching swordplay to the knights, the Holy Maiden appeared with a giant lunchbox. 'Darling ♥ here's the lunchbox full of love you wanted ♥' was what she said. Hm? Ah, the hero did seem to dislike it. But since he was always quite the tsun we just thought he was embarrassed. Jeez. Playing with other women while leaving Her Highness all alone. I really didn't see him that way, you know."

As Mister random name who was the gullible one... No, the captain of the mage corps testified,

"Ah, Karina? Have you seen Senyun? She's not in her office so just where is she at this busy time... Hm? Lady Holy Maiden? That reminds me, think it was the day before, she requested the smallest audiovisual recording device from us. She said she was going to install it in the hero's room.

Eh? Of course I got it for her. Isn't it a crime? That's exactly what I first thought as well so I was surprised, but she said that some impure figures might hurt darling before marriage, was what she told me. Isn't that just so touching? Let alone resenting her lover who is about to be married to another, but trying to protect him instead?..... Eh? This is why I was fooled by His Majesty?? Why're you bringing that up... Wait, where're you going?!"

As the one in charge of Clarice's bridal training, Madam We\*\*\*\*\* testified,

"I saw on the way to visit Her Highness. That bastard hero and the Holy Maiden were walking together in the garden arm in arm. The two of them were fidgeting quite vigorously between the two of them, it really made me angry. Her Highness has currently shut herself in her room, but that asshole called a hero's flirting in the garden...

Huh? Perhaps the hero might have been trying to shake off the Holy Maiden? So what. He's the hero. To be honest, rather than HeroxClarice, I preferred Personal\_MaidxClarice. I never quite liked him... Ah, it's not like I resent you or anything, Karina, so don't misunderstand."

As Mister random name, one of Orleia's retainers bullshat,

"Aah. Oh boy, I don't know if it's because it's been a while since the two saw each other, but really they're getting on like a house on fire. Even last night, the hero came down to our Holy Maiden's room and had a lot of sticky fun together. Really, maybe our hero's a hero down there as well. Eh? Proof? Haha, isn't your proof standing right in front of you as a witness? Just ask any of the other clergy that came along. They'll all say the same thing..... We're not spreading false rumours deliberately, you know?

...

.....

.....

..... I don't like observant girls like you."

After that there were many tribulations, but Karina returned safely. Because Senyun, who the mage captain had been desperately been looking for, was watching over her from under a invisibility spell screen. But let alone any profit, all she learned was that those of the Mitohi faith were even more degenerate than she realised. Damn them.

"What now?"

Senyun asked as she munched away on open-fire roasted tentacle. Even as Karina's eyes narrowed as she wondered why she was eating that, on the other hand, the smell was so damn good Karina could feel her saliva coiling in her mouth.

"Now what. Since it's come to this, we need to tail the Holy Maiden to see what she's plotting."

Karina replied, finally giving in and taking a bite. Her eyes widened like saucers. Wow. Holy shit. This is tasty. Do people living on the coast all eat this every day. How envious.

"You realise that if you get caught by that damn bitch you'll probably get drilled like an ero-doujin, right?"

"Why would I?"

"?"

“?”

A face as if she really didn't understand. Eventually, Senyun scowled as she said,

“Oi, you, you don't mean...”

“Who's taking care of Her Highness if I'm not around? Good luck. Se. nyun.”

Tararan~★ Karina winked, complete with sparkle.

Senyun thought. Ah. She really wanted to smack her solar plexus really hard with a fireball. Seriously.



The next day, Senyun hid with her invisibility magic and shadowed Orleia who was leaving to wake Minwoo. Since she was already a veteran of stalking the princess up till now, Senyun was relatively confident in her skills. As Orleia rounded a corner, she completely vanished and-

“Hnnn♪ Even today you're a burr of relief and trust. Senyun.”

“Ugyaaaaaaaaak?!?”

If she hadn't groped her breasts from behind. Orleia flashed her distinctive killing smile and wriggled her fingers. Senyun fled like the wind without looking back.

The next day, in addition to her invisibility magic, she also took a highest grade invisibility potion as she watched Orleia (threatening him in order to) give Minwoo a lunchbox. Having used even the mage corps' last resort, Senyun was rather confident. Once Minwoo left Orleia looked in Senyun's direction and-

“Female:lactation...”

“I'm sorweeeehhh!!!!”

If she didn't reawaken a trauma. Orleia flashed her distinctive killing smile and wriggled her fingers. Senyun fled like the wind without looking back. She didn't want another breast massage, after all.

The next day, in addition to her invisibility magic and highest grade invisibility potion

and even wearing one of the mage corps' three great treasures, her grandfather's cloak of invisibility<sup>(1)</sup>, she watched Orleia waiting for someone in the garden in the dead of night. Despite having even borrowed her respected grandfather's invisibility cloak she didn't even had a shred of confidence. Because of that when Orleia sensed a presence and turned her head-

'Ah. Fuck.'

She was about to simply give up.

"Darling. You're late."

If Orleia hadn't complained with a hint of a nasal voice.

The one she turned around to was not Senyun but Minwoo. Unlike Orleia, whose jade-white face turned pink like a four-o'clock flower with love, Minwoo dripped iciness as if he was born from the frost.

Senyun thought. Wow. This is worse than when I turned the princess into a woman.

"To think you'd ask to meet alone here, what are you planning."

"My, darling. The moon is bright, the flowers are blooming and there's a beautiful fountain with just the two of us. Must you complain so moodily?"

Was it Orleia's completely unrepentant attitude, or something else, but Minwoo's eyes curled into a frigid glare.

"You did something you shouldn't have. If you'd taken one further step, then Clarice would have been scarred for life."

In contrast, Orleia's lips curled with the hint of a snarl.

"And that Clarice tried to tie darling to the kingdom forever."

"That's not Clarice's fault."

"Well. As royalty then it's not her fault that she selfishly looked out only for her interests despite knowing what kind of existence darling was to the kingdom?"

Glare. Sparks flew between the two of them. Senyun shrank back involuntarily. She just wanted to throw everything down and run. She wanted to run away. Even with

empty words you couldn't say that they were sweet on each other, but neither were they this antagonistic towards each other either. No matter how ridiculous they were, both of them were former comrades-in-arms. Looking at them bare their fangs at each other hurt her heart.

"If you're putting it that way, the one who's really at fault isn't Clarice, but me. As the hero, I didn't think about the surroundings and blindly returned to the palace, it's my fault. So the one you should blame, is me."

"Darling....."

Orleia's eyes changed. More affectionate. More sorrowful.

"So even if you were to die it's not that girl's fault. You're protecting her. Ah, I understand very well. Even when we were travelling together, always Clarice Clarice! Even though Clarice got caught by the demon king and sent you off on a dog's errand you still only looked for Clarice!!"

Her love that went unrecognised, noticed not even once. That sorrowful spark lit up her entire heart and swallowed Orleia's reason. She tossed away her sly mask that she had been donning till now and revealed her true, love-starved self.

"Who was the one who helped grow the useless hero? Who was the one who gave the hero swinging around a wooden sword the holy sword?! Not the one who only ever waited from afar! Who was the one who always stayed by your side!!"

"Orleia..."

"The one that you need to marry is me. Not the one shutting herself in her room! Not Clarice, the one who doesn't even like you, swept along by the current and idly marrying you! The one who's looked at you all this time, the one whose heart hurts like mad because of you... Is me...!"

Her despair was sorrowful enough to even move the heart of the princess-lover Senyun. But Minwoo's response was cold.

"I can't marry you. Clarice aside, you fooled me with the holy sword."

"So what? I have the right!"

Right? Minwoo coldly enquired.

"That's right. The right. Because I love you more than anyone. Tell me. What more do

you want from me? What more do you want aside from the holy sword? I'll do it. Do you think that I, the Holy Maiden of the Mitohi faith will be fall behind some common kingdom's royalty? If I can marry you, I can do anything."

Orleia was dead serious. If he told her to leave the clergy she would, if he told her to abandon her title as Holy Maiden she would, if he told her to run to the barns right now and copulate with a pig she would.

"That's what I don't like about you."

But Minwoo's response was still as cold as ever. Rather, there were hints of disgust in his eyes.

"Even when we adventured together I could tell. For what you want, you will use anything and everything to get your way."

Even back then it was alright. She wouldn't do it if he told her not to. Heck, there had been a time where he'd been inwardly rejoicing at the thought of a megadere heroine he'd only ever seen in light novels. But then he came to know of her very less-than-ideal appearance (her preference of aiming for the butt that gave him the shivers) and lost his enthusiasm.

"Orleia. I have always, and will continue to be thankful for you being by my side. But... I don't love you. I would really appreciate it if you would stop doing things that made me hate you. I don't want to hate you."

".....Ha."

Orleia realised. That 'from the front' she had no more hope. The moment that she had laid her hands on Clarice, darling's heart had completely closed off to her.

Realising that she'd made a stupid mistake, she internally clicked her tongue.

"Alright. I'll give up."

Besides... She was going to anyway. She muttered under her breath. Minwoo asked, with a confused face.

"What?"

"Fu. What. That face? I'm giving up like you wanted?"

Having regained her mask of calm, Orleia flashed her killing smile and laughed unpleasantly. Both Senyun watching, and Minwoo facing, both of them thought as one.

‘Eh? So suddenly?? Why???’

“You were going to anyway, what does that mean?”

“Like I said. I’ve felt it with darling these last few days together. That there’s no more hope for me. I’m sorry for losing my temper at you darling. I just...”

Orleia averted her gaze and scratched her cheek. It was a calm appearance that made you doubt as to whether this woman was the same one that was so desperately clinging to him earlier. To the point that Minwoo actually began to feel somewhat guilty.

Orleia brought out the holy sword that she’d been safeguarding for so long. Despite coming face to face with the holy sword for the first time in a while, rather than welcome, he felt angry. When all was said and done, that thing was the culprit of this all. If that thing didn’t exist...

“Holy sword. I’ll get rid of it for you.”

Blink blink.

“What?”

“The holy sword is a promise of our marriage. Namely, if it’s gone, then darling is free from me?”

“W, wait! Getting rid of it, are you serious?”

Hnnnmm♪ Orleia’s eyes narrowed.

“Well? Do you dislike the prospect? I’m saying I’m giving up?”

“No no! I’m good. I’m very good. Really good.”

“.....Even an empty refusal would have been good.”

Orleia hugged the holy sword tightly and said.

“But there’s a condition.”

Of course there would be. Minwoo finally relaxed. If she said she'd get rid of the holy sword, no questions asked then he would have lost sleep wondering what she had planned.

"Go on a date with me."

Ha?

"I want to go out into town tomorrow on a date. Then I'll get rid of the holy sword for you."

"Hold on, date... What!"

"Last time."

Minwoo was so surprised his eyes faced directly forward. Orleia smiled plaintively.

"For one last time, just for a single day, please be my lover."

"You....."

Minwoo, for a moment, Clarice came up in his mind's eye. But in the end he couldn't refuse.

Solving his problems with Orleia, was for Clarice's sake.

"Yes, Your Eminence. I've decided to go with Plan B. I made a mistake quite unlike myself. I shouldn't have touched Clarice... Well, whatever. At any rate, I have no choice but to impregnate darling with my child. Fufu. Yes, this is going to be good. Just what will darling's chrysanthemum taste like... Fufu."

Senyun overheard something she should never have heard.

# Chapter 27

## Doesn't want to give up

Clarice was currently shut up in her room. She had holed up in a corner of her room and refused all contact with the outside. If not even the hero could get her to come out, there was no way that she would for her mother, Her Majesty the Queen.

"It seems the princess has no plans to open the door."

As if it couldn't be helped, the queen ordered Ericia, who had come along for protection.

"Eri. Whatever it takes, get this door to open."

If she wouldn't open the door from that side then the only option was to open it from this side.

"Whatever it takes?"

"Yes. But, do try to avoid too-destructive methods, we don't want to startle her."

"I accept your orders."

Ericia stood in front of the door. With eyes of a hawk she observed the tightly shut door. No matter her eccentricities, her skills were real. As Ericia showed her true colours, the air in the corridor froze over with a tension that even made the queen gulp.

Slowly, but surely, Ericia raised a fist. She's going to break the door. Anticipating the sounds of destruction, the queen shut her eyes. And then-

Knock knock knock.

"Do you wanna build a snowman~~?"

.....

Silence.

After the silence passed, the door opened, and in that gap, Clarice's eyes were deathly cold. Ericia slammed the door shut without a shred of hesitation.

"Okay bye....."



With dinner in hand, Karina came to Clarice's room only to discover Ericia standing at attention in front of the door.

"Miss Ericia? What are you doing?"

"H, Her Highness gave me a punishment..."

"Punishment? Just what have you done this time?"

"Dunno..."

Dripping sweat, Ericia laughed at herself.

"Probably because isn't winter right now?"

"???"

That was unexpected, but her head was missing a few screws anyway so Karina let it slide. Ignoring her, Karina grabbed the door handle and heard an argument on the other side. One was Her Highness's, and the other...

No doubt it was that bitch's. 'This time for sure!' Having made her resolve, she slammed the door open and shouted.

"Add another horny bitch onto the pile!"<sup>(1)</sup>

Ah! Karina turned white, horrified. Instead of her yelling 'hands off the princess' she accidentally let out her true feelings!

"Horny bitch??"

But the person in the room was not the Holy Maiden but the queen. The queen waved her fan with a snap of her wrist and tilted her head.

“What is the matter. Karina. Coming in so hurriedly.”

“Ah... N, Nothing. Your Majesty. I was worried that the Holy Maiden had come again and fighting the princess and...”

Seeing Karina tail off her words, the queen’s eyes narrowed. She’d seemed a bit too happy for that... But since it wasn’t anything worth pursuing she let the matter drop. The bigger problem was Clarice.

The queen had come today with the resolve to make sure that Clarice and Minwoo met up. She thought that the only person who could get her out of her hikikomori state and heal her heart wounded by the Holy Maiden was Minwoo.

Maybe because the Holy Maiden had been brought up, but with tension lower than the floor, Clarice said,

“.....I’m alright, Karina. So please get out. Mother, too.”

Karina and the queen both thought. No, you don’t look alright at all!

Her smooth, soft skin was now dry and listless, her radiant hair was tangled up like dog fur and her eyes, once glistening brighter than the dawn star were dead, their light lost. A wilted flower. At her fragile appearance that seemed as if it would drop all its remaining petals with the lightest breeze, the two of their hearts broke.

The queen was ravaged by the urge to run to the Holy Maiden right then and there and tear her hair out while yelling apologise to my ‘daughter’. But faced with the hard reality where she couldn’t (1. The palace couldn’t afford any more incidents right before the marriage. 2. They couldn’t afford to make an enemy of the Mitohi faith.) she grabbed Clarice’s hands, tears in her eyes.

“Don’t worry. Momma’s always on Clarice’s side. So trust Mom. Alright?”

Sniffle sniff. Having revealed her true personality even with Clarice watching, the queen consoled Clarice while dabbing her tears away with her handkerchief.

Clarice only said.

“Mother.”

“Hm?”

“Who was the one that asked Orleia to teach me sex ed?”

“.....”

Driiiiiip. Now dripping more cold sweat than tears, the queen avoided her gaze and feebly made excuses.

“No, that’s, hohoho. Who knew the Holy Maiden would be such a bomb? Hhohohoh...  
;;;”

Clarice’s gaze stung. A fierce gaze that seemed to pierce even the thickest of faces. The queen couldn’t even fidget. Eventually, Clarice sighed, as if it couldn’t be helped. Thank goodness. She was passing it over. The queen smiled bashfully.

Looking at her mother, Clarice said.

“Mother.”

“Hm?”

“Then your excuse for running away from the protest?”

“.....”

That, she was still holding it against her. Her cold sweat now erasing her makeup and starting to drench her dress, she eventually donk~ed her head and poked her tongue out.”

“Tehe★”

That day.

The queen came to know that out of the many ways to give face, there was also the option of a fist to the face.<sup>(2)</sup>



“This girl does not have the right to see Hero-nim.”

Clarice told the queen, who was currently rubbing her eyes with some eggs that Karina had brought. Right now, Clarice was feeling that if she had any sense of shame at all, there was no way she would be able to face the hero.

“But my boy Minwoo wanted to see you?”

The queen called him ‘my boy’ so as to remind Clarice that he was her son-in-law. Biting her lip, Clarice looked up with a pitiable expression.

“I can’t. I don’t want to be even more of a burden on the hero than I already am.”

“Burden? How on earth is our Clarice a burden...”

Clarice held back the tears that threatened to spill over at any moment and yelled.

“Do you not know? My very existence is a burden to the hero!”

“.....The Holy Maiden said that to you? That you were a burden?”

The queen asked with an icy voice. If so, then it wasn’t the Holy Maiden’s hair that she’d be tearing off, but her neck.

“No. But the cause of all this is myself. If I wasn’t here, then Hero-nim wouldn’t have had such hardship up till now, Orleia would be happy with the man she loves...”

Slap!

Clarice couldn’t finish her sentence. The queen had delivered a harsh slap to her cheek. For the record, it wasn’t revenge for earlier. Absolutely not. Probably not. Clarice touched her stinging cheek with a shaky hand. She turned her wavering gaze to her mother, whose face was as scary as it had been during the imprisonment incident.

“Such stupid words. Your mother will not forgive them. Even if Clarice yourself were to deny our Clarice, I will not forgive them.”

“Mother...”

Clarice felt. This was different to that time when she had seemed (acted) hateful. Right now, her mother’s eyes were filled with warmth. To the point where all she wanted to do was cry in her breasts.

“Minwoo, Holy Maiden, throw that all aside. Speak Clarice’s true mind, not the one that’s bound by those two. What does Clarice want to do? Does she really not want to see Minwoo? Is she going to just grovel at the Holy Maiden’s feet? Is she going to just suck her thumb as the Holy Maiden steals Minwoo away from her!”

“I...”

Clarice clenched the hems of her dress. My heart. My true heart, unaffected by those two.

“I don’t know... But, I am angry. Thinking that Orleia and the hero are going to be together makes my heart hurt so much.”

She heard from Karina. That Orleia and Hero-nim were once promised to marry each other. What came to Clarice’s mind after hearing that was her and the hero now. It was similar. Both promised to marry, a scam marriage brought upon by deceit, but the results were different.

Orleia wanted to marry the hero so much she would lie to him for it. But Hero-nim had been disillusioned with her, abandoned the holy sword and fled. But what about herself? Originally a man, an unwanted marriage. But even so, Hero-nim didn’t flee. Because she said she wanted to remain in the kingdom, he stayed with her and was always by her side.

At that realisation, Clarice felt sorry for Orleia. Even though it was a thin sympathy she had no words. But, Clarice had obtained what Orleia had wanted for so long without any effort at all, despite never having wanted it to begin with. That was why she had refused to see the hero.

Rather than her, that would only remain a hindrance, wouldn’t Orleia, who loved him, be better-

But on the other hand she was always thinking. To ‘have’ Hero-nim, Orleia wouldn’t hesitate to deceiving others. To be together with her, would Hero-nim be truly happy?

“That’s plenty. Go on and see Minwoo.”

The queen stroked Clarice’s hair and said.

“Don’t you see? The fact that Clarice is feeling those emotions, is that she doesn’t want to give up on Minwoo.”

Clarice turned to look at the queen with eyes wet with tears.

“Mother... But, can I really do that...?”

“Doesn’t matter. If you don’t want to give him up, then don’t. No one will say anything. Even if they do, ignore them. Momma here will back you up. Didn’t I say? Momma’s always on Clarice’s side.”

The queen smiled reliably. Then, finally, Clarice’s face lightened up and a small smile surfaced. Following the smile, a single, clear teardrop fell down her face.

It was then.

Wham!

“Your Highness!! Big trouble!!!”

Senyun ran in as if to break the door down. The queen’s face hardened, as she stood up to chastise her.

“What is the matter? Barging in so rudely.”

“Ah, ah. I, I’m sorry! But there’s something urgent I need to tell you...!”

Senyun ran to Clarice and hurriedly said.

“Minwoo, Minwoo’s chrysanthemum is in danger!”

Blink blink. Clarice blinked dumbly before she and the queen exchanged a glance, and turned back to Senyun and asked,

“Chrysanthemum?”<sup>(3)</sup>

# Chapter 28

## Jealousy

In one of the plazas in the center of the capital. Minwoo was waiting for Orleia there. Date. This was the very last time he would put up with her antics, he told himself that as he waited. Although he had covered up well enough with a hat and sunglasses, but just in case anyone recognised him, Minwoo looked around cautiously. The square was bustling with people. Everyone was enjoying the festival. Which made him feel even more awkward.

Because this festival was to celebrate his and Clarice's marriage.

It wasn't that he disliked them, or disliked festivals. It was just that, self-loathing pricked at his conscience. He himself had abandoned Clarice, and was on a date with the one who had caused this rift, Orleia.

Once this was all over, he'd confess everything and apologise, he resolved.

"Guess who~♪"

A cheerful voice chirped, accompanied by a pair of hands that covered his sunglasses. Forcing down a surge in irritation, he sighed. Minwoo shook off the hands with an unmistakably apathetic air and looked behind him.

"You're here?"

"Wrong! It's not 'You're Here,' but Orleia!"

Orleia happily said, even making a point to imitate his strict, solemn, serious face. With her hair tied up in a ponytail, Orleia was wearing a simple light violet one-piece decorated with floral patterns, with a beige cardigan on top. Even though her appearance was beautiful enough to draw the eyes of all the passing men, Minwoo's gaze was cold. Did she not even bother to disguise herself. Then again, it's not like she'd come to a loss even if she was recognised.

"Heh. Even in glasses you look fine. Really, it's beauty that make clothes shine."

“.....”

Minwoo answered with silence. Orleia puffed up her cheeks and fidgeted with the hem of her clothes. An obvious gesture. ‘Alright, I’ll humour you for today.’ Minwoo sighed and said lifelessly.

“Yes, you’re pretty too.”

Orleia’s expression finally loosened. Minwoo’s line of sight went for Orleia’s neck. Her freely revealed neckline was very enticing. As to what was enticing-

“What are you thinking?”

Orleia asked, tilting her head. Following her head movements, her while hair flowed like a stream. Minwoo coughed and looked away.

“No, nothing.”

“Hmm?”

Watching Minwoo flustered, a quaint smile surfaced on Orleia’s face before she lifted her head. All the better to see, she turned around and said.

“Here. Look.”

“What?”

“Isn’t this what you wanted to see?”

She seductively stroked her neckline as she smiled. Minwoo made a face as if he was about to swear. He briefly considered unleashing a torrent of curses as well, before he decided to ignore her and go on his way. It wasn’t like she was going to bother listening anyway, it was just going to make his mouth sore.

“Huh? Wait up!”

Orleia ran to catch up with Minwoo. As if it were completely natural, Orleia linked arms with Minwoo and leaned her face on his chest. Her cheeks were dyed pink as if she were happy, and she even smiled and simpered like a girl in love. Ah. Damn it. Minwoo’s eyes narrowed in a scowl.

“What? That face, did you forget? That you’d be my lover for today?”

For the however manyth time, Minwoo answered with a sigh. It meant alright, do what you want. The two of them mixed with other couples coming and going in the square as they went their way.

Although their relationship was one which gave him stomach ulcers, on the surface, they looked quite the couple. To the point where even the 'trio' trailing behind them couldn't see any awkwardness.

Hiding behind a stack of firewood to be used at the bonfire that night, there was a trio whose faces poked out from behind it, watching Minwoo and Orleia's date. Despite not even being winter, their attire of beanies, sunglasses, masks and coats drew the attention of others for completely different reasons than Orleia.

They were none other than-

"Th, that idiot! Why is he linking arms!!"

Senyun who was leaning over so far it was about to threaten the firewood stack,

"Hmph. No doubt. That Orleia went 'Hmmm♪' Not listening to me. So you don't care what happens to the holy sword?' and threatened him that way, obviously."

Ericia who was sneering as if everything was obvious,

"Um. Before that, I think a lot of people are looking at us..."

And Clarice, who was making a face that was crying 'do we really have to wear this.' Wouldn't invisibility magic be better, she had asked, but for the reason that petty tricks didn't work on Orleia, who was blessed by Mitohi with access to his power, they were currently in a disguise that you might find in some third-rate detective work.

Whether Orleia was fooled by this disguise or not aside, Clarice was loathe to move due to the embarrassment brought on by all the people watching her. The silver lining was that since she'd thoroughly wrapped her face up, at least no one recognized her. If they had... She didn't even want to imagine it.

"Alright. Let's get moving."

"Okay."

Scuttlescuttlescuttle. Senyun and Ericia tailed Minwoo and Orleia swiftly through the crowd like cockroaches. People being startled seeing them move like that was a side note. In Clarice's eyes, there was simply no room to maneuver, but they were moving seriously swiftly. As she stared at the two blankly, they gestured at her to hurry up.

Yes yes I'm coming. I'm coming. For the however manyth time lately, she sighed and moved from the firewood pile. The people's gazes followed her. Wow. She wanted to die. Pressing her hat firmly down her face, she hurried her footsteps.

As to why they went as far as wearing these ridiculous outfits and following Minwoo and Orleia, it was simple.

Because they were staking out Minwoo and Orleia's date today.



The previous night, when Senyun charged in after watching Orleia, she told them everything about the nefarious plot that she'd overheard while watching Orleia. No one could hide their horror. Under the cover of the last date tomorrow, to knock Minwoo out and use a 'ritual' to turn him into her captive, an absolutely heinous plan. Transcending the boundary of mere speechlessness, it made her laugh at the sheer farce of it all. The most ridiculous part was the part where Minwoo would get pregnant.

'Eh? Hero-nim?? Not Orleia??? How???? Eh????'

Even though she'd thought her experiences had built up quite the resistance to bullshit, she couldn't help but think that this bullshit was of a most ridiculous type. More than that, how would a man get pregnant. Would she turn him into a man like herself? But then Orleia would have to be a man first??

"Borrowing the power of Mitohi, it's not impossible for women to impregnate men."

But Senyun's follow up made her accept it instantly. If it was that insane evil god it seemed very much possible. Senyun urged to tell Minwoo this truth instantly. But after a long hesitation, Clarice shook her head.

Holy sword. If they told the hero now, then tomorrow's date would be ruined. In that

case, so would the promise to get rid of the holy sword. Rather, shadowing the two, in order to catch Orleia when she showed her true colours, save the hero and obtain the holy sword, would be a much better plan.

Orleia's plan was wait for the right time during the dances at the night bonfire, where she would have Minwoo drink drugged wine. Since everyone was caught up in the festival right now and getting boozed up, even if she were to push quite hard for alcohol, it wouldn't seem out of the ordinary.

Leading Minwoo whose apathy was getting more and more obvious, Orleia scouted out the street stalls. The street stalls were filled with so many foods that even Clarice, who had secretly gone out to observe the common people's lives and situations, hadn't seen. As Orleia cutely begged, Minwoo sighed and opened his wallet. Not knowing anything, the vendor smiled and said that his girlfriend looked cute. As if to show off to her surroundings, Orleia linked arms and smiled happily.

Meanwhile, Clarice wasn't feeling that great. Despite the fact that this festival was to celebrate her and Hero-nim's marriage, they were praising that hero going around with another woman. For some reason she couldn't stand it. Not even she herself had done all that with him yet...

Feeling the sprouts of a dark emotion sprout from within her like black mud, Clarice continued following them. Contrary to her previous worries, she wasn't discovered even as the day was about to end. No matter how good Orleia's intuition was, in this thick crowd, especially with the attention of all the countless gazes on her, it seemed that it was hard to tell she was being followed. Or it could just be that all her attention was focused on Minwoo.

As the sky turned red in the early evening, Orleia entered the beauty contest that was opening in the city square. Although she entered under a false name as if at the very least she didn't have any ideas of openly flouting her identity as the Holy Maiden, but the response was still overwhelming.

"Do you have a boyfriend?!"

Boyfriend. At the MC's<sup>(1)</sup> question, Clarice's heart tightened. Clarice was shocked. Orleia looked in her general direction. Had she been discovered. She hadn't. Her eyes had gone to the hero, who was close by her. Orleia smiled cutely at Minwoo and said.

“Yes.”

All the surrounding men sighed as one. The MC giddily called Minwoo up to the stage. When he did, all the women sighed as one. The MC took a look at Minwoo and excitedly said.

“Iya! This is one heck of a couple! It seems like the two of you could even rival the hero and Princess Clarice?!”

Clarice didn’t fail to notice Minwoo biting his lips unnoticed by everyone else. Just what was the MC so happy about that was worth all his prancing around everywhere.

“A couple. We’re-”

All of a sudden Orleia linked arms with Minwoo and happily smiled.

“We’re already engaged to each other?”

The square turned silent. Then it started rumbling. But Clarice was still caught in the quiet moment. The MC yelled something excitedly. But she couldn’t hear anything else. All she saw was Orleia getting closer and closer to Minwoo’s lips.

It couldn’t be.

“Who the heck is that?”

When she came to she had already burst out in front of the crowd. Senyun and Ericia yelled panickedly.

“Y, Your Highness?!”

“Princess!”

Just before their lips touched, Minwoo and Orleia heard voices and turned around. Princess?

“Clarice?”

Minwoo came closer with an expression of disbelief on his face. Clarice took a step backwards. And, she fled. Because she realised. She went and realised. That this dark

emotion that had been tormenting her ever since Orleia had started making moves on Hero-nim was-

Jealousy.

# Chapter 29

## Linked hearts

Her face was hidden. But Minwoo could tell the identity of the suspiciously dressed woman as soon as he laid eyes on her. Clarice. But why was she here? But before he could say anything Clarice had already run away. She shrugged off the crowd and vanished down a side alleyway.

Minwoo flickered a glare at Orleia. Orleia shook her hands with a shocked expression.

“This wasn’t my doing! I have no idea why Clee is here either!”

Whether that was the truth or not, Orleia wasn’t the important thing right now. Minwoo immediately jumped off the stage and chased after Clarice. Orleia, who all of a sudden had become a woman who was abandoned by her fiancé, could only stare dumbly at Minwoo following Clarice, disappearing into the shadows of an alleyway.

What. The. Heck. Was going on.

She was so stunned that not even a squeak came out of her. Orleia tossed off her disguise, eyed Senyun and Ericia who were approached her and coldly said.

“Just what all this is, you will explain to me, right?”



The sky seen from the alleyway was slowly darkening. It was a cold colour that chilled her heart as well. Having taken off her disguise, Clarice was hunched down with her back to the alley’s wall. Her sweat-streaked face was cool in the crisp early autumn air. But that was all. Her heart still felt stuffy as if it was tightly wrapped in invisible threads, which she still had no answers for.

Jealousy- At the truth that she was jealous of Orleia, and the chaos of her wavering gender identity shook Clarice’s frail shoulders as she buried her face in her knees. A vague ‘something’ started to surface. She wanted to turn her eyes away from it. She

wanted to take her sweet long time facing it.

Because the courage to face 'that emotion' that she had been harbouring for Hero-nim since god knew when, she didn't have yet.

"Hey there, missy~"

Clarice turned to face the voices that came from above her head. Although she couldn't make out their faces due to the dim light, she could definitely tell their unique hairstyles. Mohican, buzz cut and regent. A trio that looked every inch the typical delinquent had dirty smiles on their faces as they looked down on her.

Meanwhile, the trio facing Clarice exchanged glances before they started muttering amongst themselves. A... , an incredible beauty! Her breasts are massive too! Why's she carrying heads on her rack? Hey, doesn't she look similar to someone? Who? Princess Clarice. You dumbass. Why would the princess be here? After a long debate they came to a conclusion. That they would bury their faces in those valleys even if they died.

Hiik. Clarice instinctively covered her breasts. She could hear everything. At that cute reaction, Mohican snickered and gestured.

"Missy~ we're high-flying youths~ come quietly when we're asking nicely. It's not going to be fun if you don't!"

Since Clarice thought it was plenty unfun already, horrified, she yelled.

"I, I'm a (former) man!"

"Ha?"

Man?

"Seriously?"

"Yes. I'm a (former) man."

"....."

Time out. The trio said before they went back to debate. Is that a girl with her head screwed on wrong? Oi, her breasts are just way out the ordinary. It could be a first time cross-dresser who put too much pads in her bra. But the voice is a woman's. after

a long debate they came to a conclusion. That even if it was a man he was really beautiful so it was 'possible.'

And so just when the trio were about to lay their hands on Clarice without a shred of hesitation.

"Hold it!!!"

A hurried yell stopped the trio. How was he here. With wavering eyes, Clarice turned to see Minwoo standing in the entrance of the alleyway. Recognising Minwoo, Regent pointed a finger at him.

"You're the hyung who saved our asses back then? Why is hyung here again... Do you know this lady?"

Minwoo and Clarice exchanged glances. Knew each other? No shit. Their relationship went way beyond just knowing each other. The two answered at the same time.

"My fiancée!"

"There's nothing between us!"

?

??

???

"Wh, what?! How the hell is there nothing between us?!"

"Eh? B, but..."

Clarice trailed off and avoided his gaze. Oh my god. Minwoo felt a massive scratch across his heart at that reaction. Had she really come to hate him because of Orleia. It wasn't impossible. They'd openly gone on about being an engaged couple right in front of her so there was no way she wouldn't hate him now.

"H, hyung. Stay strong. We'll support you."

"Yeah! Do your best!"

"We'll coolly exit the stage here!"

The meddler trio read the mood and very coolly exited like they said. Leaving aside his wonders as to just what on earth they were, Minwoo approached Clarice. He wanted to ask her why she was here and also desperately wanted to explain about Orleia, but what came out of his mouth was simply the pettiest of petty questions.

“Did... Did you hate me that much?”

“Eh?”

“You said, that, there was nothing between us...”

“.....”

Clarice was shocked and stared at Minwoo. Ah. He shouldn't have said that. Minwoo's face flushed bright red with second-degree embarrassment.

“.....No. That was not what I meant when I said that.”

Clarice gloomily looked downwards and replied. It was then that Minwoo realised that Clarice's reactions were somewhat off.

“On the contrary. I said that because I thought Hero-nim would dislike it.”

It seemed like it would be a long story. Minwoo sat down beside Clarice and calmly asked.

“Why did you think I would dislike it?”

“That is... Am I not originally a man. Plus this marriage is nothing short of my fault entirely.”

Clarice explained the truth that if she hadn't asked Hero-nim to remain in the kingdom, none of this would have happened. Minwoo's face hardened as he thought. Was that what was on her mind. In that case there was only one thing he could say.

“You know. I'm okay with that.”

“Eh?”

“I'm okay with this. If the person in question, me, is fine with that, then what's the problem?”

Minwoo faced Clarice's stunned eyes and smiled.

“Because of that I get to stay beside Clarice's side.”

“Hero-nim.....”

Clarice couldn't say anything. A sudden burst of emotion threatened to spill over her again. Barely stopping them from escaping her throat, Clarice finally said.

“But, even though you ended up marrying me, who was originally a man?”

Mm. Minwoo stopped to think. Should he say this. But as Clarice started drooping again at his hesitation, his mind blanked as he quickly said.

“I'm alright with a man as long as it's Clarice!”

Shock confession. Even the speaker himself went hul-and doubted his own ears. Dafuq did he just shit out. Oh no. Now just imagining Clarice's disgusted look aimed at him made him just want to die there and-

“Me, me too! Even as a man... If it was Hero-nim then I, I wouldn't mind...”

Shock confession. Even the speaker herself went hul-and doubted her ears. Dafuq did she just shit out. Oh no. All of a sudden Hero-nim turned rigid like a stone and he's not moving.

But it was already spilt milk. Clarice jumped up and faced Minwoo with her bright red face. Her heart was hammering like mad and she was shaking so much she wanted to just collapse there and then. But she didn't.

‘I will have, hold and cherish her for the rest of my life.’

‘I don't want to lose my important person a second time.’

‘Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?’

‘Because of that I get to stay beside Clarice's side.’

Hero-nim had always cherished an idiot like her simply and truly. Now she wanted to be honest with her own feelings.

At this moment, Clarice could finally face them.

Her own feelings for the hero.

“Hero-nim! Listen. From, from a long time ago I-!”

Bang!!!

The sudden giant firework ate Clarice's last words. The two of them both looked up at the sky at the same time. The fireworks of all shapes and colours turned into stars lighting up the night sky. At the spectacle, Minwoo said with a distant voice.

"It looks like the bonfires have started."

"Bonfires?"

Clarice turned back to Minwoo. Minwoo's face was lit up all sorts of colours by the fireworks. Maybe it was because of the red light, but Minwoo's face seemed redder than normal. As if he felt somewhat embarrassed, Minwoo rubbed the back of his neck and asked.

"But, eh, what was it you were saying?"

"Eh? Ah... That's..."

Wow. Seriously. Just how on earth could the fireworks go off with that timing. Wailing and lamenting internally, Clarice could only fidget with her fingers before she finally said.

"Before that, everyone's waiting, so let's go!"

Even if Orleia called her a coward to her face she'd have no response. At Clarice's words, Minwoo finally remembered Orleia who he'd left behind.

"True. Looks like I'm going to get another earful from Orleia again."

Orleia. For a moment, something passed through Clarice's mind. Alright then. So what says I can't. She would no longer sit idly sucking her thumb. As Minwoo was about to leave the alley, Clarice tugged shyly on his sleeve.

"Hero-nim, can... Can we, link arms?"

With a dumb face, Minwoo dumbly asked back.

".....What?"

Red fireworks lit up the night sky once again.



The path back to the city square. Clarice told Minwoo of Orleia's dark plot, and how she, along with Senyun and Ericia, had been tailing them up till now. Minwoo rubbed his butt and shuddered.

"Damn it. So that was her plan..."

Holy sword or no, no mercy if he caught her. Clarice's feet stopped. Her attention was on a certain street stall. It was the same street stall that Minwoo had visited with Orleia that morning.

"Want a bite?"

"Yes?"

Clarice turned to face Minwoo. Because their arms were interlinked, their faces were extremely close together. Without being able to say who was the first, both of them turned their heads away, both their cheeks bright red. Both of their hearts were hammering so hard they thought the other could hear it. But neither of them let go of each other's arms.

"Yes~ Welco..."

The vendor was speechless on seeing Clarice. A, an incredible beauty! And her breasts are massive! But like a pro he calmed down and took their order. Oddly enough, the man beside her that was as handsome as she was beautiful seemed somewhat familiar. Almost as if he'd seen him that morning...

"Iya. My eyes are feasting today. Such a radiant couple here at my stall!"

At his words, Clarice and Minwoo turned to each other, before turning away again, embarrassed. It was a textbook reaction of a couple that had only gotten together recently. The vendor was convinced that his sense of familiarity was a mistake. The lad he'd seen in the morning had a face of frost and pushed his girlfriend away no matter how much she'd clung to him. It couldn't possibly be the same man as this happy chappie. Yep.

.....Because if it was the same person then he would be the greatest asshole of the age that changed two incredible beauties in as many hours.

“We’re not a couple.”

Clarice’s bright and cheerful voice brought the vendor out of his thoughts. Wow. Even her voice is beautiful.

Clarice leaned her face against Minwoo’s shoulder and smiled shyly.

“We’re, betrothed to each other.”

Dhuk.<sup>(1)</sup> Minwoo, the vendor, and the surrounding men who all had their eyes on Clarice froze instantly.

When the two people left after some more small talk, the vendor, who couldn’t take his eyes of Clarice’s slim rear, had a very odd thought.

‘Now that I think of it, that woman, kinda reminds me of the princess.’

Especially her breasts.



The square where the bonfire was being held was filled with men and woman pairing up and dancing, much like a ball. Affectionate lovers, men and women whose eyes just met, young daughters and their fathers, grown sons and their elderly mothers, the way their hearts were linked were all different, but each and every one of them were enjoying themselves.

“It’s beautiful...”

Clarice murmured, watching the people dance with a smile on her lips.

This was a festival celebrating the marriage of royalty. A festival that celebrated a star-crossed love that defied the odds to create a couple. Because of that, to fit the theme, it was also a place for men and women to get together. And so, the people asked their long-time crushes to dance, or exchanged words of love as they danced.

Because this was the best way to celebrate the princess's marriage.

"Do you think, that everyone's blessing our marriage?"

Minwoo wordlessly snuggled his arm into Clarice's. The warmth where their bodies met spread through them both.

"Clarice."

"Yes."

The world was full of the sound of fireworks, the crackling bonfire and people dancing. All of a sudden, Minwoo thought.

"Would you like to dance with me?"

Clarice smiled gently. Just like back then.

"I suppose I won't take the lead this time?"

Their hands gently met each other.

At this moment, their hearts were linked as one.



"Ha. This is my complete loss."

Orleia laughed uncontrollably. Let alone having her most anticipated event having been stolen from right under her nose, she even had it confirmed right in front of her as if to show off. But unexpectedly, Orleia's heart was calm. Because she'd felt the gap between them that was so obvious and unbeatable that she couldn't even get mad.

She couldn't make darling smile like that. Right now, Orleia was certain. The only one that could was Clarice. The one that should be by darling's side was not her, but Clarice. Damn it all...

No, perhaps she'd already known that from the very beginning. This serenity in her heart was the proof. Perhaps, out of pride, she had deliberately avoided facing the truth and tried to get darling at all costs.

“It was brilliant. I didn’t know darling could dance so well?”

Clapclapclap. After the number was over, Orleia appeared in front of the two, applauding them. The sweet mood changed instantly as if cold water was dumped on them. Orleia felt a quaint satisfaction at that. She should be allowed at least this much.

“Why are you scowling like that? I’m simply here to give darling the good news.”

“Good news?”

Yes. Although it’s extremely bad news to me. Without any more useless words, Orleia pulled the holy sword out. Startled, Minwoo pulled Clarice behind him and watched her warily. So she’s going to go there in the end. Those were his thoughts as if it was only natural.

But Orleia’s next actions were billions of light years beyond what Minwoo could have imagined.

“Eiit.”

Orleia slammed the flat of the holy sword down on her knee. Snap! With a crisp sound the holy sword broke into two.

“”Eh???””

Looking at the two dumbly asking her with dumb faces, Orleia chuckled mirthlessly.

“Now. You’re free. So darling, see how well you do without me. Even if you come back to me begging and crying, I’m neeeee~ver going to take you back.”

Hmph. Orleia turned back and left. She was about to leave. If Clarice didn’t call out to her.

“Wait.”

Orleia scowled as she turned around.

“What?”

She was going to leave all coolly, too.

“Orleia. You asked me previously. Whether I wasn’t ashamed to face Hero-nim. That answer, I will tell you now.”

Orleia scoffed as she sarcastically said.

“Ho, now what would that beweiik?!!!!”

...she couldn’t say sarcastically. Because with a ‘thud!’ and a crisp sound that felt that it would have taken at least three teeth with it, Orleia did a 360 in the air and flopped to the ground.

“?!?!?!?!?”

“This is my answer. ‘Fuck off, bitch.’”

Clarice spat out savagely with a face that reeked of bloodthirst. The previous hit was a punch to the face that used Womb Power’s breast momentum. It looked like she had something else to be thankful to Ericia for. As Orleia flailed back to her feet, she spat out saliva flecked with blood.

Wow. Shit. She really did lose three teeth. Unable to contain her horror, Orleia pointed at ‘what used to be’ her teeth and yelled.

“D, da, darling! Look! This is Clee’s truweeek?!!!!!”

...she couldn’t yell. Because with a thud! And a heavy sound of impact that sounded like it worth around about six teeth, Orleia did an amazing 540 in the air and collapsed.

Ah, now her hand started to hurt. Shaking out her swollen hand, she spat out savagely.

“And that was for the time you nearly raped me.”

“Hii, hiiik...!!”

Orleia backpedalled frantically to avoid Clarice’s determined steps. Since her mouth was ruined to the point she couldn’t take she couldn’t even borrow Mitohi’s power. Orleia sent darling a pleading look. Save me darling! This kid’s gone nuts!!

Perhaps her pleas reached him, Minwoo put a hand on Clarice’s shoulder.

“That’s enough.”

“Hero-nim...”

Clarice bit her lip and glared at Orleia, before she stepped back. Whew. She survived. As Orleia breathed a sigh of relief, Minwoo spat out savagely.

“Because it’s my turn now.”

Ha? Orleia made a dumbfounded noise..... aaand she couldn’t.

That day, as Orleia paid the price for the mockery she made of others, she became acutely aware of one particular truth.

The holy sword wasn’t simply a proof of betrothal, but also the lifeline that had been keeping her neck intact.

# Chapter 30

## I Became the Hero's Bri

And time passed, and the day of the wedding came.

"You're beautiful, Your Highness."

Looking at Clarice in a wedding dress, Karina covered her mouth and tears gushed out of her eyes. At the thoughts of all Her Highness had put up with over the assorted incidents, her sentiments could only be stronger than anyone else. Clarice slowly observed her figure reflected in the mirror.

Through the delicate wedding veil, the face that could be made out was pure like a lily. Her carefully painted lips were attractive even to her own eyes. Underneath her modest hairstyle, a diamond necklace, symbolising eternal love, adorned her neck, giving an air of a sophisticated elegance.

The dress was open-shoulder that revealed the neckline and the bare shoulder, and boldly revealed the lily-white skin that till now, had been hidden by the modest clothes befitting a princess. In addition, the dress was also a sleeveless one, yet the possibly-plain forearms were adorned with fishnet lace wedding gloves, emphasizing purity and virtue.

A corset and bodice helped with accentuating her slim figure, and covered on top by elegant lace embroidery to give off not a coarse appearance, but a feminine beauty. Beneath her hips her skirt was composed of many layers that flowed like water.

It was awkward. Since the maids had spent a lot of time and effort, she did look blindingly beautiful, but on the other hand, it was hard to take it all in. Clarice carefully touched the tiara that adorned the crown of her head and asked.

"Would Hero-nim like this?"

A wedding dress despite being a man. Her feelings for the hero had long since grown past the point of no return. Yet there were still faint vestiges of hesitation. Think of it

as the remaining conscience of her former sex.

“Of course. This Karina, can guarantee it on all my goods collected so far.”

Pfft. A small smile appeared on Clarice’s lips. You don’t have to stake something like that. But she couldn’t deny that she felt relieved at the answer.

Clarice looked at reflection again. Although it was embarrassing to admit it herself, but looking at it again, she looked quite decent.

“Then shall we go?”

To where Hero-nim, her husband was waiting.



Beyond the giant doors, beautiful music started playing. The time had come. It was time for the bride to enter. Slowly, the doors opened. A bright light shone through the crack between the doors to illuminate Clarice. The pure white bride surrounded by bright light. At her radiant appearance, everyone held their breath.

Clarice slowly opened her eyes. A white silk road was engraved in her clear indigo eyes. And at the end of that road stood a man in a tuxedo. He smiled. Because he did, Clarice, too, could smile back. Her nervousness and shakes that had been lingering in her mind all this time melted away as if they were being dissolved in sugar water.

Replacing them was heartfelt happiness.

In time with the melody, she gently moved forward. Behind her, as the maid of honour, Karina was holding the dress train for her. With every step she took, she was enveloped by the flying flower petals, so it seemed a flower goddess had descended.

On both sides she could see many guests. Holding hands with proud faces, the motherf-, no, Father and Mother (conscience where?), Senyun wailing biting down on her handkerchief (crying was all very well and good but it would be nice if she could be quiet.), Ericia who’d worn a dress suitable for the occasion but with her bikini armour visible through the sheer fabric (she’d have to punish her once this was over.), Orleia(=loser) who was grinding away at her teeth with her black and blue face, and the knight order, mage corps, Mitohi faith, Madam Wellington and other members of

high society, other regional nobles.

Everyone here was present to witness her and the hero's marriage. In front of all these people, she would officially become the hero's wife. Although she had a lot to resent that motherf- no, Father and Mother for, but in the end, it became something to be thankful for, ironically enough.

Just who would have known that she would find happiness in marrying the hero as a woman.

Although, looking back, this could all been according to that motherf- no, Father's 'plan' when he saw through her feelings for Hero-nim...

Clarice and Minwoo stood side by side on the altar. And the marriage ceremony began.

From this moment on, will you love and cherish your partner, will you be each other's pillars of strength through wind and rain, through thick and thin, have faith in one another and exchange true love...

The ceremony emphasising the peace of the family and morals between couples went on for a long time afterwards. If she hadn't been standing there herself she might have just ignored it as if it was obvious. Now she knew. Now that she was the one standing there, she could feel it. Each and every one of the vows that she'd previously thought boring, all had meaning that couldn't be taken lightly.

From this moment forth, I will love and cherish the hero as my husband. Through wind and rain I will be his pillar of strength. I will have faith in each other and exchange true love.

"Does the groom Park Minwoo vow to love the bride Clarice forever and ever?"

Because she,

"I swear."

Was the hero's bride.

"Does the bride Clarice vow to love the groom Park Minwoo forever and ever?"

From beneath the veil, Clarice smiled gently.

“I swear.”

From his breast pocket, Minwoo took out a ring and slowly put it on Clarice’s ring finger. Minwoo carefully lifted the veil. Clarice’s beautiful face was revealed. The hall fell silent, even the sounds of breath. Minwoo gulped, and his face slowly approached Clarice’s. His lips. Clarice closed her eyes.

And the two were the only ones left in their world.



This and that happened.

My troublemaker parents, Senyun, who accidentally stirred up trouble thinking it was for my sake, Ericia who caused trouble without really thinking, or Orleia who actually went out of her way to cause it.

At the time I was too swept up with the events in front of me to think about it, but in the end, here I am today.

Sometimes, I think that if the me back then had acted with a clearer mind, maybe the results today might be different.

But I don’t regret it.

Because even if I was given another chance,

I would still want to stay by the hero’s side, just like now.

And now, finally, I became the hero’s bri

“Hold it!!!!!!!!!!”

Kwakakakakannnn!!!!!!!!

“””?!?!?!?!?”””

Misfortune had the habit of befalling people whenever they felt the most secure. Just as the hero and princess’s lips were about to meet- as if it were preordained, ‘misfortune’ smacked them, no, the entire hall upside the head.

The door to the wedding hall was blown to smithereens and created a massive dust cloud. The surroundings turned to absolute chaos. Neither Clarice nor Minwoo could get a grip of what was happening, and could only look around with their lips less than a palm’s breadth between them.

What the fuck was going on.

“Wh, who are you?!”

“Protect Their Majesties!!”

“What motherfucker dares to set our beloved princess’s wedding on fire?! Come at me if you dare!!”

“Senyun put out that fireball! You’re the one that’s about to cause a fire here!!”

“Orleia! Is it you?! Is it you?!?”

“You what?! I prefer to backstab people rather than come from the front?!”

“And you’re calling that an excuse?!?”

Chaos. Just chaos. As the dust settled, a ‘little girl’ could be seen. Height shorter than even Senyun. Oversaturated pink twintails. Playful eyes. Cute little fangs. A goth loli dress adorned with frills everywhere. And...

Curling towards the sky...

Horns. Of a demon.

“D, d, d-d-d-d-d...”

Recognising her, everyone pointed their fingers at her and yelled, echoing around the hall.

""Demon king?!?!?!!!!!""

Hmph. That's right. This esteemed body is the demon king! Puffing out her chest that was surprisingly enough, much bouncier than Senyun's, the demon king 'Biella' shouted.

"This marriage!! This Biella will never acknowledge it!"

Biella pointed at Clarice.

"Because Clarice over there has already married Biella's follower, an orc!"

"" .....?!?!""

Wait what? Bigamy?? At the explosive revelation that even Clarice herself heard for the first time, everyone present was aghast.

.....and so the two people's wedding which seemed like it was going to end without too much fuss fell into lunacy, as it always did.

# Chapter 31

## Be Mine! Hero!

Strictly speaking,

She 'was about to get' married.

"Ho! Is a prince of a nation going to deny your husband that the heavens witnessed?!"  
"Even if your mouth is crooked, at least speak the truth! Is it not the skies but you yourself, demon king?! Plus what kind of nutcase calls 'only' copulating in a wedding dress a marriage?!"

If they were thinking straight at least.

One would be more accurate to call it costume play. Maybe if a marriage document had been signed, but just what on earth about putting her (then him) into a wedding dress, throwing him onto a bed saying "this orc is now your husband! Birth it! An orc's child!" and trying to 'mate' her with an orc.

Clarice had been about to scream 'Guuaa/aaa/aaa/aaaah!' Thankfully Hero-nim had burst in at the right time.

"But does it not feel good?! A young prince raised like a delicate orchard in a greenhouse submitting to a wild orc's rough meat rod and being reborn as an orc's personal sex slave bride! Double peace ahegao<sup>(1)</sup>!! Breaking your long cultivated shell and revealing your inner bitch!!! Then of course the first time!! Is nothing less than wedding sex?!?!"(2)

Biella spurted a giant nosebleed as if just imagining it made her soaked. Little wonder why she went down in history books as the thirsty demon king.

".....Fucking hell;;;"

Clarice let out the words that came welling up from inside her. Despite the fact that the princess, who was supposed to carry and uphold the dignity of the royal family

had cursed with such filthy words, no one rebuked her. Everyone else present were simply empathising with her sincerity and thinking the same.

”Fucking hell;;;”

“Hey Clarice. What happened to your voice? You used to sound more like a boy before but now it sounds like some graceful lady’s.”

“Because I became a woman.”

She wondered why she was asking such an obvious thing. If she knew that she was holding a wedding with the hero and invaded here, it should be a given that she knew of her gender change.

“Wh... What?! Y, you became a woman?!!!!”

She was serious. She hadn’t known. Biella’s eyes turned to saucers as she pointed at Clarice’s breasts with a quivering hand.

“Th, then those dairy cow breasts isn’t crossdressing but are actually real?!!”

“Dairy cow?!!”

Clarice turned red and covered her chest. It was an embarrassing comparison, but since it wasn’t entirely wrong it was even more embarrassing. The queen quietly biting her lip as she covered her own breasts which went beyond dairy cow into Holstein<sup>(3)</sup> territory was a side.

“How did you change like that?! Why are you marrying not as a man but a woman!! Are you not ashamed to face the heavens!!!”

“And you haven’t changed at all since then. No, I think you’ve gotten worse.”

She definitely remembered her becoming a twinkle in the sky after getting the crap beaten out of her by the hero, but putting the matter of how she survived and came back aside, it seemed she’d left her rationality in the skies as well.

“You dare deceive this Biella...”

Quiver shake. Biella couldn’t suppress her rage and started leaking tears. Hul. Demon king is crying. Everyone was lost for words. But Biella sniffled, wiped her tears, pointed at Clarice and shrieked.

“How do you think Biella got here!! Do you have any idea how hard it was to return after being beaten far overseas by the hero!! And you dare to deceive Biella?!”

And who was deceiving who now. You can't be serious, did she seriously accept her and Hero-nim's marriage thinking it was a marriage between men. Now what kind of logic is that.

“Since you have become a woman the wedding with my orc is off!! Biella will never acknowledge it!! What this Biella wanted was a young prince to become an orc's bride, not some princess! Biella doesn't need you anymore!!”

Clarice was about to bow right there and yell “thank you very much for not being needed anymore!”

“Now that it has come to this, Biella will be taking the hero!!”

If Biella hadn't said those words.

“Wh, what?!”

Minwoo yelled aghast, having been on standby for her to show her true colours. What kind of bullshit is this?!

“The reason that Biella has made her way to this pitiful place in person was to take Clarice! But now that Clarice has become a woman Biella has no need! Therefore Biella shall be taking the hero!”

“Wait, if you have no need then piss off! Why the hell are you doing this?!”

“Because Biella's collection has no hero! Up till now I have collected all sorts of boys, and I have even once had a prince, Clarice! But never a hero. Hero, from the first time I saw you, I thought! I wanted to see that pretty face of yours reddening with pleasure! How about the hero, the strongest of humanity, becoming a seedbed for the weakest goblins?! Wahaha! Tempting is it not?!”

“”” ..... “””

Big trouble. There were so many places to retort against you couldn't. Orleia came out and icily growled.

“How dare you utter such filthy crap to my ‘thing?’ The one to sully darling's rear is

me. I will never hand that over to anyone.”

“And what the fuck are you saying!”

“Ha! Holy Maiden, you are still as perverted as ever.”

“And you’re one to talk?!”

Clarice lost it.

“Everyone stop!!”

The hall finally quietened down. As all eyes came to bear on Clarice, Clarice quickly linked arms with Minwoo and asserted her rights as the bride.

“Hero-nim is mine!! He’s my husband!!”

Ah, aaaah... Minwoo facepalmed with the other hand. Ding~ he could feel a headache coming on. You too Clarice. Yet in that while, the appearance of her clinging tightly to his arm with tears in her eyes, afraid of losing him, was so cute it was bad for his heart.

“This bitch?! For a filthy woman you dare to lay your hand on Biella’s collection?! This cannot be forgiven!”

No, aren’t you a woman as well?! But Clarice couldn’t say a word. She was knocked aside by a strong force pushing her back.

“Clarice?! Urk!!”

A black miasma sprouted out from beneath Minwoo’s feet and wrapped around his limbs. Shit. He’d let his guard down. Kyahahahahahaa!! Laughing maniacally, canines and all, Biella teleported in front of Minwoo.

“Be mine! Hero!”

“I, I refuse...!”

“Biella refuses your refusal!”

“Crazy motherfu!!”

Ckerrrrrrrrr!!! Leaving behind a yell of despair, Biella and Minwoo became sucked into the swirling miasma,

...And vanished.

“H, Hero-nim? Hero-nim?!”

Clarice pawed at the empty air where Minwoo had been in disbelief.

The day of the wedding, Clarice lost Minwoo to the demon king like that. Everyone watching there thought.

‘What the hell. This development came outta nowhere.’



The situation being what it was, an emergency council was held. The reappearance of the demon king. The kidnapped hero. The princess left alone. It just had to happen during the long-awaited wedding, the king took his rage out on his advisers.

“Rescue the hero before he becomes a goblin’s seedbed!! Otherwise we’ll all so who’s the first to be a seedbed!!”

Motherfucker. Let alone reappearing, she just had to stick a giant filthy middle finger in well-cooked rice.

Having received the orders of the king, the mage corps tracked down the magic power left behind and found the demon king had taken the hero to the demon king castle. While the demon king was sealed it was a tourist attraction open to the general public, but since a tourist accidentally broke the seal on the demon king and caused the demon king incident, it was a forbidden location.

The response was swift. A small crack team would head to the demon king castle and beat the crap out of the demon king. The members were Senyun, Orleia, and Ericia. Of course. As ex-hero party members, all of them had experience attacking the demon king castle, and as women they were immune to the demon king’s male-specific magic.

While the women were quickly preparing, someone hurriedly came to them. It was Clarice. The wedding dress was gone, replaced by comfortable clothes with leather armour on top. As if she was about to go on an adventure.

“Take me with you!”

Hul. At the ridiculous request Senyun jumped around.

“Your Highness! You can’t! It’s too dangerous!”

“She’s right. Your Highness. I understand your feelings of wanting to save Minwoo, but no one knows what dangers lie in the demon king castle.”

Ericia coldly answered in kind. Crestfallen, Clarice murmured.

“But...”

“Clee. This is not some children’s game. What would our helpless princess do there.”

Even Orleia said something. Clarice shook as she clenched her fist. More than ever she was disgusted with her powerlessness. In the end, could she not do anything ‘again.’ This time ‘as well,’ could she only await the help of others.

Orleia, who’d been frowning at Clarice, sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

“Ha. Well as long as she doesn’t tie our feet I don’t really care.”

“Ah?”

“”Orleia?!””

Orleia, the one who seemed as if she’d oppose it the most, contrary to expectations allowed it the quickest. Just what had gotten into her.

‘Why are you looking at me like that? Since Clee’s already been kidnapped before, she could be helpful with rescuing darling?’

“This is my chance! If something happens to Clee in the demon king castle then darling is all mine! Hohohohooo!!”

“”” ..... ”””

Hey there, your inner thoughts have swapped around.

“A, anyway I will not allow it! I cannot expose the princess to danger-!!”

Senyun rebutted strongly. So she decided to use her last resort.

“Senyun, if you let me come with you I’ll let you do anything.”

“Then can I become Your Highness’s little sister?”

“Yes.”

“U, unni♥!!”(4)

Clarice smiled brightly like the best big sister of all. Pyo~ hearts appeared in Senyun's eyes as she ran into Clarice's embrace. Guhehehe. Guhehe. Clarice stroked Senyun's breast-intoxicated head and barely maintained her smile.

Wow. This feels so awful.

“Ha! What are you all doing?! Are you all going to forget your duties and send the princess into peril?!”

Ericia rebutted strongly. And so Clarice decided to use another last resort.

“Eri. If you allow me to come, from now on you may use my name to promote Womb Power.”

“This Ericia. From now on I will stake my life to become Your Highness's womb.”

Having taken off her robe to reveal her bikini armour, Ericia took a stance of a knight's fealty. It seemed like the ‘     ’ symbol on Ericia's lower belly seemed to be glowing very brightly today.

.....to be honest, she wanted her to refuse her a bit. Damn it all.

“But how will we get to the demon king castle? Did you hire a carriage?”

The distance to the demon king castle from the royal palace was incredibly far. Since it was the base of operations for demons and the humans' capital, it would be odd if it was close. At this rate if they were too late then who knew what the demon king... , no that lunatic would do to Hero-nim's purity. As someone with first-hand experience(?) she knew It well.

Senyun who'd been rubbing her cheeks against Clarice's breasts said giddily.

“We're going by teleport. Unni.”

“Is that so.”

.....Eh?

“Te, teleport?”

“Yes! It’s just a couple of minutes by teleport, there’s no need to go by carriage, is there?”

“Is that possible? A group teleport over such a distance...”

“Unni. Even if I look like this, I’m Senyun! The archsage’s granddaughter and his direct disciple! Recreating the path left behind with the demon king’s magic traces is easy as pie for me!”

Senyun confidently raised her nose high in the air. As if she was asking to be praised. So Clarice stroked her head and praised her. There there. Good job our widdle Senyun. If nothing else, she really did want to praise her for this.

“Even if she is the demon king, she won’t have anticipated us being able to track down and follow her so quickly. If we move by teleport, then while the others draw her attention, we can rescue Minwoo and deliver the holy sword. Even if it is the demon king, in front of the holy sword, she can only get beaten like a piñata.”

Ericia explained the strategy to Clarice when all their preparations were completed and just before they were about to teleport. Namely, a flawless plan. Like she said, she could only take a beating like a piñata in front of the holy sword. Since that was established fact, everyone was confident like they already had victory half in their grasp.

And so.

They realised that there was one ‘relatively significant’ flaw in their plan.

“Eh? Holy sword?”

Clarice asked, blinking. And then wavering eyes. What the hell is this, Clarice asked Orleia with her eyes. What are you staring at me for? Orleia narrowed her eyes at Clarice, before her own jaw dropped and she too, fell into shock and despair.

Not understanding the two people’s reactions, Senyun and Ericia looked at them quizzically, before they, too, ‘realised’ and nearly fainted.

.....Holy sword.

Orleia broke it to bits not so long ago!!!!

# Chapter 32

## Are these subordinates really alright?

Demon king castle. It was her first visit in a while, yet the traces of the fight of the past were still present. As Clarice stepped over and around the SM toys that were scattered so thickly over the floor she almost tripped on them, she felt an odd sense of irony. It felt like it was just yesterday that Hero-nim had come to rescue her, but now she was going to rescue him.

"It's quiet?"

"It's quiet."

"It is quiet."

The hero party trio all had something to say. Like they said, the demon king castle was so quiet, they couldn't even hear the footsteps of a mouse over the flagstones. Neglected as a mess as it was, let alone any boys, they couldn't even see the 'm' of monsters anywhere.

Had the demon king come to the kingdom first thing back in the continent? This was a chance. If the demon king's strength wasn't fully restored, then even without the 'holy sword' then they just might have a chance.

"....."

"What? Clee, why do you stare at me so?"

"It is nothing. I was just reminded of the holy sword."

Orleia turned bright red as she kicked up a fuss.

"It, it couldn't be helped! No one thought the demon king was coming back even in their wildest dreams!"

Holy sword. Wouldn't it be better to just make a new one? Was one of opinions that had been floated, but Orleia had shook her head and said.

'A Holy Sword (性劍) is like it says, something that uses the power of 'sex' (性)<sup>(1)</sup>. The reason why the demon king is helpless against the holy sword is because the demon king's great male magic is completely shut down by the holy sword, and also, it is at

its strongest against beings with genders. To make such a holy sword you need two things...'

And when she was asked what were they, Orleia flashed her distinctive smirk and said.

'Distill around 10000 men and women's worth of male and female ejacula-'

'Never mind. You don't need to tell us. We don't need a holy sword so let's just go.'

On the contrary, the feeling that they would be just fine without it skyrocketed.

.....Moreover, Minwoo didn't know of this. She felt that he must never know.

"If you're going to put it that way, then if Clee had simply given up on darling, then there would be no reason for me to break the holy sword, and there'd be no reason for darling to be kidnapped, would there?!"

"Haa?! So you're saying this is all my fault?"

Even if one were to bite the hand that fed you, there were still limits to be kept. A disgusted upwards curl appeared on one side of Clarice's lips.

"If you want someone to answer for it, then you should take it up with Orleia's knee. Who told you to break it? Didn't you break it yourself Orleia?... Ah! Since Orleia's brain isn't in her head but down south, are you finding it hard to remember?"

Clapping her hands once with a pitiful look at her knee was salt in the wound. With a face that screamed of a temper at boiling point, Orleia yelled.

"Wh, what? So says the thieving cat?!"

"Could you meow and cry some more so this thieving cat can understand? I can't hear you over the sound of a loser's tears. Hoho."

Clarice put a hand over her mouth and laughed like a noble lady. Orleia was flabbergasted, lost for words. The hell is this kid? Now that darling isn't here she's just going all out?! What the hell?!

"That's right Orleia! This is all your fault! Apologise to unni!"

Senyun had her say, who'd been clinging to Clarice since a while ago acting cute. To be honest, Senyun didn't care who was in the right or wrong, what was important was

that Orleia dared to get snippy at her 'unni.' Guhehe. Unni hehe.

'Wow that little. Being an annoying little shit fanning the flames.'

Orleia had been glaring harshly at Senyun when she twitched her fingers in empty air like they were groping breasts. When she did Senyun whimpered as she hid behind Clarice. Breast massage... No more...

"All of you, quiet."

Ericia, who had been on alert as the vanguard, signaled to the three. When she did the team finally started working properly and got into a formation. It was a formation where the trio surrounded and protected the baggage(a sad but completely accurate description) called Clarice.

Thoom. Thoom. Heavy footsteps echoed through the empty halls. Clarice swallowed. Judging by the footsteps it was either a monster, or a demon. She'd be lying if she said she wasn't scared. But more than that, her worries that she would be a hindrance to them were far greater.

"You can run away if you're scared?"

Having noticed Clarice's shivers, Orleia sneered. Clarice's eyes narrowed.

"Hmph. I will no longer show a disgraceful appearance in front of Orleia again."

"Now that's something I'm looking forward to."

Kuku. As if she found it very funny, Orleia laughed.

"Unni."

Senyun quietly whispered and handed something over. It was a large cloth made out of soft fabric.

"It's an invisibility cloak. If it gets dangerous, wear this and hide."

"Thank you."

Clarice nodded and put away the invisibility cloak. The invisibility cloak was the invisibility cloak, but Senyun's worried heart touched her and her fear seemed to have

gone away just a tiny bit.

Eventually the owner of the footsteps showed himself. A giant figure a head bigger than an average man, bulky muscles, a very well-developed lower jaw to the point that the lower canines came protruding out of the mouth. And the decider that settled all argument, skin coloured a strong shade of green.

Out of all the known races, only one fit the bill for all of them.

–Orc.

“You’re...?!”

Having recognised ‘him,’ Clarice couldn’t hide her shock. How could she forget that face. Just remembering it made her shudder.

“It’s been a while. Clarice.”

He greeted them with a soft baritone voice. A while? The group noticed that they already knew each other, and looked at Clarice with surprised faces. Clarice only made a repulsed expression.

“Orkar. I did suspect something since the demon king made a giant fuss about our wedding when she tried to drag me off. You were alive.”

“Hmph. Even if I look like this I was the vanguard of the demon king’s forces. Does this Orkar look like he’ll die that easily?”

‘Orkar’ guffawed, showing his teeth.

“Leaving behind my ‘bride’ that the demon king bestowed upon me.”

“.....”

Clarice found herself unable to speak. Who the hell’s your bride you damn orc. Instead, Senyun stepped forward, guns blazing.

“This fucking orc?! Who’d you say is your bride now?! You want me to smash your jaw out?”

“Calm down. Senyun.”

Clarice raised her arm and stopped Senyun. To be honest, she really wanted to praise Senyun a lot just then, but she held herself back as there was no time to waste. 'Grrrrrghhh.' With a face that seemed like she'd start frothing at the mouth from anger at any moment, Senyun withdrew.

"As you can see, I'm a woman now."

"Of course. I heard from Lord Demon King. And she said our marriage was annulled. But that's just what she thinks. I will not give up on you. Whether you're a woman or a man, that's not important. You're Clarice. My one and only bride, Clarice."

Orcs only ever love one woman in their lives. As a male-only race they had no females. Because of that, they could only source females to breed with from outside their race, so naturally, they developed a personality of being kind and affectionate to their partners. Kidnapping? Rape? Maybe if they were monsters, but as an intelligent member of the demon race, that was out of the question for orcs.

When Orkar first had Clarice bestowed upon him by the demon king, he knew that it was simply the demon king's perverted preferences (doing the deed between two males that couldn't even reproduce) but he still couldn't refuse Clarice. (then a) His figure in a see-through wedding dress, crying as he looked up at him was his totally his ideal female... ehem, woman.

So what if he couldn't get pregnant. So what if he was a man. He would definitely make this boy his bride. He made his decision. But then the demon king came back with the hero instead of Clarice and told him that Clarice had become a woman. Unlike the despondent demon king, Orkar's feelings didn't change.

His love for Clarice only ran deeper.

"I cannot be your bride. I already have the hero."

And you're creeping me out so please give up. Was what she was feeling. Orkar swallowed down his sigh and said.

".....Yes. I know that too. But that marriage, wasn't it gatecrashed and interrupted by Demon King-nim? In that case you are not the hero's bride yet. On the contrary, the hero is currently in Demon King-nim's hands."

"So you know where Hero-nim is."

“Naturally. I also know what he’s about to go through.”

Kuku. Orkar twisted his lips and laughed happily. Combined with an orc’s naturally ugly appearance, it was quite something to watch. Orleia couldn’t restrain herself any longer and icily said.

“I don’t think he’s going to tell us easily, so we might as well deal with him quickly. If we beat him to the brink of death, he will want to tell us.”

When she did, Senyun lit up a fireball and said.

“Didn’t they used to say that the most painful torture was by fire?”

When she did, Ericia touched her longsword’s sharp blade and said.

“Is that what they do in the mage corps? In the knight order we take great effort to turn them into sashimi one slice at a time.”

Wait! Why are you all so savage?! Clarice panicked and stopped the party. If they took their time fighting (torturing?) here then the hero (‘s purity) would be in danger. Clarice thought, and bowed to Orkar and requested.

“Orkar. Please. Please take us to where Hero-nim is.”

Her love for the hero was enough to suppress her resentment against Orkar. Love and peace. It wasn’t empty words. Clarice would rescue her love (=Hero) and Orkar would get peace from her torture-happy companions.

Naturally, the party was against it.

“Unni?!”

“Your Highness!”

“Clee. Just because you’re asking nicely there’s no way that orc would...”

“Alright.”

“””Haaaa?!””””

Eh? Clarice lifted her head with a blank face. She didn’t actually expect him to.

“I do not wish to fight with my bride. It’s my bride’s request as well, so why would this Orkar not grant it.”

Orkar smiled. That smile being ugly as hell aside, Clarice thought as she saw it.

.....Demon king, are you really alright with these subordinates?



She was not alright. Having been about to train Minwoo in the ballroom, Biella took one look at Orkar who had brought the party there and completely lost it.

“H, how did you get here so quick?!... Ah, ahahah! No! Kyaha! Kyahahahahahaha!! We, wel, welcome! I had been waiting for you!”

With her eyes turned to spirals the demon king stuttered out. In all honesty it was a pitiable sight. But having long since put the demon king out of her cares, all she could see was Minwoo, beside the demon king tied up in some weird form (she later heard from Senyun, it was ‘turtle shell.’) by a black aura that reached out and around like a rope.

“Hero-nim”

“Clarice! D, don’t look!”

Minwoo wanted to bite his tongue off and die. How was Clarice here? He’d been seen by the one person that he wanted to be seen like this the least. It wasn’t like he was some fallen eroge heroine, what kind of embarrassment was this.

“Ku. Kuku. Oi, that suits you?”

“Shut up! Shut up!”

“Oh my. Coming from someone who always called me an exhibitionist... Aren’t you quite something as well?”

“Why are you appreciating it?!”

“I’m okay♪ I actually prefer darling like this you know?”

“Kill me. Just kill me now...”

Meanwhile, Biella’s side wasn’t that different either.

“What happened Orkar?! Let alone stopping them, why the heck did you bring them here!!”

“So you’re asking me to turn my wife away?”

“Wife?! I told you that marriage was annulled! You idiot!”

“I, idiot?!”

“That’s right! Idiot! Dumbass! Muscle brain! Green pig! Ugly!”

“Hey, everything else aside, I cannot accept being called ugly! Even if I look like this I was one of the most handsome men in my clan!”

Biella lost it.

“Eeeiiiit! Who cares what’s what! Come at me! You assholes!”

Hero party or no, the core, the hero, was currently caught by her. In that case she had a chance as well. Having made that conclusion, Biella was about to unleash her hidden strength.

“Ho? So you don’t care if the holy sword beats the crap out of you and turns the demon king castle into a bloodbath?”

If the Holy Maiden Orleia hadn’t said that.

“Hiikuk?!”

.....Her trauma switch had been flipped. No she couldn’t. if she was sent flying into the sky a second time then there really was no coming back.

“Wait! Waitwait! Calm down! Let’s talk, please let’s talk!!”

In truth, Orleia’s boast of the holy sword was nothing but a bluff, but having no way to know that, Biella even went onto her knees to try and pacify them.

“Talk?”

“That’s right! Please don’t use the holy sword! Biella will do anything!”

Is that actually the demon king? Contrary to Clarice’s thoughts, the party seemed quite amused.

“How’s this! You can all be this Biella’s subordinates! Women are competitors so I don’t really like them but if it’s you guys I can specially... waitwaitwait!!! Put the hand down! I haven’t finished talking!”

To Biella, the fear of the holy sword was shameful but it also made her learn how to appease people.

“If you become Biella’s subordinates then you can have all of this Biella’s collection of BL books and personally drawn doujins absolutely free! An absolutely unbelievable bargain! Flower-like boys doing the dirty... Waitwaitwaitwait! Put the hand down?! That’s it! Then what about this?!”

Biella hurriedly pointed to Senyun, who had summoned a giant fireball.

“Mage! If you become Biella’s subordinate I will give you Clarice! Whether you roast her or boil her or whatever is all up to you!”

“What?!”

“Demon king-nim?!”

Thud. Orkar was betrayed by his lord. But more than that, the person that was shocked the most was Senyun.

“You’re giving unni... to me?”

“That’s right! I will give you your unni! Sisterlilyles! You can train her to your taste! How is it? The hero, the person that would have been Clarice’s husband is in my hands. Meaning! She’s currently Free!(2)

“.....”

Senyun wordlessly stared at Biella. Clarice thought. What kind of stupidity is that. Even if Senyun had no inhibitors when it came to her, surely she wouldn’t fall for that ridiculous offer...

“Come at me! I am the demon king’s direct subordinate and the granddaughter of the sage, Senyun!!”

You fell for it?!?!?!?!?

“Ufu! Ufu! Ufufufu!! Good choice! Now, you’re next, female knight!”

Biella, currently in a very cheerful mood, pointed to Ericia who was gathering up Womb Power.

“Female knight! If you become my subordinate then I shall make you your own knight order!”

“Knight order? Ha. Very funny. Are you trying to turn me with just that? Put some

sincerity into it.”

“.....Eri. Doesn't that sound odd to you?”

If she does put some sincerity into it then you might just turn on right now?

“Kyahahahaha! There's no way that it would end this simply. I know fully well of your quaint strength known as Womb Power. I will call up all the female demons and have them learn your Womb Power! A entire knight order that knows how to use Womb Power! That's it! Let's call it the Womb Order!”

“Womb, Order...”

Ericia tailed off, staring at Biella. Clarice thought. What kind of stupidity is that. Even if Eri had no inhibitors when it came to spreading Womb Power, surely she wouldn't fall for that ridiculous offer...

“Come at me! I am the demon king's direct subordinate and the captain of the Womb Order, Ericia!”

You too?!?!?!?!?

“Kyahahahahahaha!! I didn't even imagine it would work this well! Indeed humans are the best at tearing and stabbing at each other, the race of betrayal!!”

Biella excitedly swung around her pink twintails and started dancing around. Just then, Orleia, who had been watching everything in silence all this time, finally decided to speak up.

“Demon king.”

“Hm? Ah! You were here too. Sorry. Biella was forgetful. Let's see. You-”

What kind of offers would be best, Biella pondered but without even a hint of hesitation, Orleia coolly said.

“Give me darling. Then I'll be your subordinate.”

“Wha, what?”

“You're not even bothering to think about it anymore?!?!?”

Even though she didn't really expect anything from Orleia! And then she went on to say the lines that would be missed if left unsaid.

“Come at me! I am the demon king's direct subordinate and darling's husband, Orleia!”

“Why are you my husband?! Wait, before that, I'm the wife?!?”

Minwoo yelled. The days he spent adventuring with those lunatics were so pitiful he couldn't stand it anymore. Even the demon king chipped in.

"There, um, don't be so distressed. That's how life works after all."

"This is all your fault!!!"

"Demon king-nim! Ignore him, the promise!"

Having become a very loyal follower, Senyun urged while glancing over at Clarice. Hul. Clarice was lost for words. The three people who had become enemies were filled with the desire to jump and dominate her.

I, did I really do something to be resented for that much?

"Run."

Ah? Clarice came to at the giant bulk filling her vision. Orkar. He glanced back at Clarice and said.

"I'll hold them off. You run to the human village and request aid."

"B, but!"

Hold on, you're the enemy.

"Fu. From the very moment this Orkar saw you, I was only ever on your side. From the moment demon king-nim, no, the demon king annulled our marriage it was only stronger.

"Wait wait, I'm not marrying you."

"I heard they call that kind of people tsunderes."

Ewhew. Let's just not talk.

"Orkar! So you've finally shown your true colours! Appointing an ugly orc like you as the vanguard's head was my mistake from the beginning! Listen up! Get them!!"

""Haii!!""

The trio had become very loyal minions 1, 2 and 3. Clarice swore that if this ever cleared up, she would so make them pay for this and opened her mouth.

".....Thank you for helping me."

“No worries. Protecting his bride is obvious to an orc.”

Bride. He would know that she had no thoughts of becoming his bride. That her love only belonged to the hero. But he would help her even so. With a heavy heart, Clarice whispered softly.

“Be safe.”

Orkar’s eyes widened once he heard her.

“...That’s what I want to say.”

He grinned and turned around.

“It doesn’t really matter if I knock them down, does it?”

At his words, Clarice thought.

‘Ah. He’s going to lose. Definitely a hundred percent going to lose.’

The last thing that Clarice saw as she fled from the ballroom, was her (former) party brawling with Orkar and-

Hero-nim whose worried eyes chased after her.



She was screwed.

Now what.

With leaden steps, Clarice dragged her tired feet back to the demon king castle’s foyer, where she stood. The interior being designed like a labyrinth and hence her struggling around lost aside, it was so dark she couldn’t see a thing in front of her. The hero party that defeated the demon king held hands with the demon king, the hero was captured, even if she sent for help would anything change?

What would happen to her.

And Hero-nim?

“Ahhh... just what did I do wrong...”

What should have been her happiest day, her wedding day, had turned to this. Her eyes started to fog up, and left all alone, Clarice finally started weeping.

It was then.

『Hello, Hello~ is there anyone there~?』

“?!”

“Hello?”

『Ah! Over here! Here! Help me, please! 』

As she moved her feet to where the voice was coming from, there was a stone statue around the size of a person. Why is there a statue here. It was a very odd statue too. A human woman who was wearing comfortable clothes as if she was here to sightsee. To boot, in one hand it was holding an elegant book engraved with a black rose. The special thing about it was that the book wasn't made of stone, but a real book.

『Ah! Ahh! Finally people! Uwaaaahhh! I nearly cried just now~~~~!!!! Since the demon king vanished no one else came! I was so scared all by myself~~~!!』

The stone statue was crying. No, tears weren't coming out, but the voice that came from within it seemed like it would burst out into tears at any time. So Clarice asked the thing she was most curious about.

“Um, who are you?”

At her question the statue seemed to pause for a bit as if wondering what to say, before it said.

『Hmm~ What should I say? If you really had to put it~

『The tourist that accidentally undid the demon king's seal?』

# Chapter 33

## A ray of light

Going back in time a bit. Back when the demon king was still sealed and the continent still peaceful, in a small village of the kingdom, there lived a girl named 'Amuge.'<sup>(1)</sup> Now, she had a secret she couldn't share with anyone else, and that was-

'Aahh~! If I could see pretty boys doing the dirty just once!'

.....In the language of the doujin world, she was a so-called 'fujoshi.' To boot, one that paired up men in real life, a true blood fujoshi. Furthermore, Amuge was one that even the fujoshis shunned within their own ranks, a 'Biellist.' As to what a Biellist was, one could explain it as fujoshis who worshipped the demon king 'Biella' that nearly made the continent into a paradise of only pretty boys in an age long long ago.

To the Biellists, the demon king castle was nothing less than a holy land, and because of that the Biellists would get together and go on a group tour to the demon king castle every now and then.

And that group tour was the 'cause.'

'You know, I was always curious. Just what are the contents of the grimoire that the demon king sealed away?'

Amuge's one sentence. The question that began from there grew and grew until the Biellists came to the fearful conclusion that they must find out what was written in that grimoire. Naturally, since it's the demon king, there must be all sorts of lewdy filthy BL written in there that they couldn't even imagine. Believe it or not, that was what they were thinking.

Since she was the one who first brought it up, Amuge was pushed to take the lead. The other Biellists drew away the attention of the guards. Meanwhile, Amuge snuck in, stole the grimoire that the statue of the demon king had been holding, and desperately suppressing her shivers, opened the grimoire. When she did, a dark aura spread out from the book as she began to be sucked into the statue-

“...So you’re telling me that the demon king, after the seal was undone, in return for you freeing her, she sealed you instead?”

“That’s right!! That f\*\*\*ing bitch! You have no idea how much I regret the time I spent worshiping that bitch!”

Having her freedom back as a result of the seal being broken again, the tourist stomped all over the grimoire in irritation. For the record, the seal broke itself once Clarice had picked up and opened the grimoire. Is this kind of seal really okay? She thought that burying it deep, deep underground would be a far better option...

“Oh that reminds me! I’m really! Reaaaaaally~ thankful for you rescuing me! ‘Do I have to live centuries as a stone statue,’ I was just about to stop thinking, but thanks to you I’m saved!(2)

The tourist bowed deeply to show her thanks. Then looking at Clarice, she asked.

“I’m sorry, but could I ask your name? I want to repay this favour! I don’t normally draw NL<sup>(3)</sup> but if it’s for my benefactor, I’ll gladly draw it!”

“...I don’t need doujins. My name is Clarice.”

“Really. A beautiful name to match your beauty- Eh? Clarice?”

That name seems familiar... The tourist tilted her head and thought. All of a sudden a certain prince which enjoyed ‘major’ popularity in ‘her industry’ came to mind. That person’s name was also-

“Prince Clarice?”

Up till then, the tourist had thought that she had simply looked similar. The eye-catching beauty, a gentle aura that perfectly matched what she’d heard, even though she looked quite similar, but ultimately she was a woman. Then Clarice said.

“Yes. I am that Prince Clarice.”

Although I’m a princess now, she swallowed back those last few words.

Of course those words alone were enough to have the tourist’s eyes bulge out in surprise.

“Eeeeeehhhh?!?!? N, no way! Weren’t you a man?!!”

“I had circumstances that led to me becoming a woman. Although I don’t have any identification to prove my identity right now, but it’s the truth. Please believe me.”

“I, I believe you, I do. There’s no way I wouldn’t believe my benefactor... Haha. Haha.”

Her own belief aside, the tourist’s eyes were drawn to Clarice’s breasts. Squish squish jiggle jiggle. You’re telling me that those breasts used to be a man’s? Then shouldn’t she (as a woman) just die? Then she remembered the difference in status between them, and immediately knelt, lowering her head.

“Ah! I, I’m sorry for not recognizing you earlier, Your Highness. Forgive me.”

“Not at all. Please, get up. I’m alright.”

Clarice desperately waved her hands as she helped her up. Oh my. Even her personality is so gentle! The tourist instantly became captured by Clarice. She broke her seal, and even forgave her so benevolently, how would she not fall for her instantly.

“But why is Your Highness here all by yourself? No one came here after the demon king vanished... Is the kingdom planning to rebuild here?”

“That is.....”

Haaa. She really didn’t want to say it. Clarice finally opened her mouth.

“The demon king has returned.”

“.....Eh?”

The tourist asked back with a dumb face. A long silence stretched between them. It held, and held some more, before the tourist finally understood what Clarice said, and asked again.

“.....Eh?”

With an even dumber face.



“Oh my goodness. It couldn’t be...”

Clarice told the tourist everything that happened after the demon king was freed.

Having gotten the gist of what had happened, the tourist, naturally, couldn't hide her shock.

"S, so you're saying that the demon king is here right now, and the hero's a captive with her?"

Mommy! Help! The tourist was frantic, seemingly about to bolt at any moment. You couldn't blame her. The hero that would defeat the demon king was captured, the hero's comrades were blinded by temptation and now stood with the demon king. There was no one to stop the demon king from running rampant.

"We need to get away before the demon king comes back! Your Highness is coming with me, right?"

The tourist asked, preparing to gap it. She was going to hide away in some deserted mountainside far far away. If she was caught and sealed again then her eyes wouldn't close even in death.... Although dying would be impossible then.

"I..."

Clarice looked back towards the pathway she had come from. If she went back through that hallway, Hero-nim was there. If she fled now and sent for help, they might have a chance. But-

'It's too late by then.'

The simplest and yet most important problem snagged at Clarice's feet. The more time that passed, the more that Hero-nim's personage was in danger. Namely sexually. Although she had no time to think at the time, now, she hesitated as to whether going back for help was the right choice.

She didn't even want to think about it, but if she went for help now, what could greet her on her return was the hero turned into the demon king's horse or a goblin seedbed. Having been in a position identical to Hero-nim's right now, Clarice knew. That the demon king was a crazy bitch who would more than follow through with whatever she said.

At that crossroads moment, another thought passed through Clarice's mind. If it was Hero-nim, what would he do in her situation? The answer was simple. Because the

one who had rescued her from 'the same situation' was none other than Hero-nim himself.

As past memories flicked through her head, a small but fierce resolve burned like a flame. It doesn't matter if she's was alone. She needed to rescue Hero-nim. But that resolve was no more than a candle in a storm. By yourself? What could she, a flower grown in a garden, who's never hunted a goblin before in her life, possibly do?

It was correct logic and the answer. Even if she went, she'd be lucky if she weren't captured instantly.

But.

Is it really okay to run away like this?

' – And every time, didn't darling rescue you like a prince on his white horse? Clee. Isn't the captured princess role enough with that one time with the demon king? Just because your body is female, has your entire mind turned into a woman's? A pretty, helpless princess that can do nothing without her prince on his white horse.'

She could hear a snide mocking voice from somewhere. The dying flame blazed back to life. The growing flames of emotion burned away reason and consumed Clarice.

"I, will face the demon king."

An answer that overturned common sense, imagination and prediction. The tourist was horrified.

"A, are you serious?"

Clarice nodded her head. Shit son. The tourist thought 'is the princess actually a really strong person.' But she saw Clarice's tightly clenched fists were actually shivering, and she realised. Even if the princess wasn't powerful, to rescue her precious person, she would stand against the demon king.

An overwhelming surge of emotion overtook the tourist. She felt ashamed of herself for even thinking about running away earlier. Is this the class of the one called the kingdom's treasure. Ama-zing!

“Then I will follow behind you.”

“Eh?”

“I’m serious! I said it earlier, didn’t I? Your Highness freed me from my seal, and that I really want to repay this favour! I’m just an ordinary person but I’ll light myself up and light the way forward for Your Highness!”

The tourist’s eyes were burning with a fierce resolve. Seeing it, Clarice thought. Orkar, this person, just how the hell does the hero party have less camaraderie than people I just met.

“But I can’t let you, an unrelated person be swept up in this.”

“Unrelated? I’m the cause of all this.”

The tourist picked up the scraps that used to be the grimoire.

“Even if I hadn’t opened the grimoire then the seal wouldn’t have been undone in the first place.”

That was it. The cause of everything, it was all her. But she selfishly thought to run away. She had to take responsibility. She had to make amends for her past transgressions. And the ‘cross of redemption’ was in her hands right now.

“Your Highness. Do you know what was written in the grimoire?”

“No. I don’t...”

There’s no way she would know. And since it was a ‘forbidden text’ she didn’t want to know either.

“You know, this could very well hold the key to resealing the demon king.”

Tap tap. The tourist rapped on the grimoire and flashed an odd smile.

Seal. The moment that all her mana was drawn into the grimoire as she was sealed, for a brief moment, she could read the contents. You could even say that her consciousness was linked to the grimoire. What was written in there was no other than the life of the demon king Biella.

As the previous demon king’s daughter, Biella fell in love with a human man. But fearing Biella, a demon, he avoided her and married another woman, and Biella was

so shocked by the news that more than a few screws went loose in her head.

If she couldn't have him, no other woman could. If she couldn't have it, she would break it. Biella had the man kidnapped and violated by demons under her command. And amidst that, various emotions sprang from her. Excitement, arousal, satisfaction. Somewhere down the line, she had become emotionally invested into the demons violating the man.

Even after he died, Biella couldn't forget those emotions. A single star-crossed love left Biella unable to love normally again. Who would love a pervert like her? No one would want that kind of girl. She could hide it and fool others, but she would always be anguished for the moment her secret was revealed.

In that case.

She wouldn't hide it at all.

Having given up on the idea of being loved, the conclusion that Biella came to was. If you can't avoid it, enjoy it! After that incident, the moment that Biella took the throne after her father, she immediately ordered to have men kidnapped and her followers jam it in them and ram it in them and hump away at them in accordance with her rose-coloured desires. Only then did she finally feel satisfaction as if her emptiness in her heart was filled.

She would use this opportunity to make all the useless women extinct and create a paradise (for her only) of boys to make her happy. Biella decided.

Naturally, people revolted against this ridiculous plan, and the demons and the humans came together to create a grimoire to seal her away.



“..... Uh, I, um, don't know what to say to that.”

Having heard Biella's backstory, Clarice didn't know what she had to say to that. Were words even necessary?

“So the demon king's perverted backstory aside, what does that have to do with the seal?”

“The demon king’s past wasn’t the only thing I learned when my consciousness linked with the grimoire.”

Clarice’s eyes widened on hearing the confident tourist’s next words.

“You don’t mean...”

“Yes. I know how to reseal her as well.”

“Th, that is amazing?!”

A ray of light came down as if to say ta daa~.

“But.” The tourist said with a sober face.

“That’s. Even if I can reseal her, I need a plan to hold her till then.”

Certainly. The demon king, even if it wasn’t the demon king, the trio that had become her loyal minions would definitely interfere in every way possible. Ha! It annoyed her again as she thought of it. Even if they hadn’t gone and betrayed her she could have done something.

The situation being what it was, there was only one thing they could do.

“I will try to stall for time.”

“Eh? Seriously?”

She was serious. Go big or go home. Clarice thought of the demon king. Immature, petty, simple, single cell intelligence, easily agitated, and self-centered. She didn’t know whether this would work. But, considering her actions and personality thus far, she might find a way to crack her.

“I have a plan.”

Love.

The cause of the demon king’s turn, no other choice but to use that keyword as effectively as she could.

# Chapter 34

## I feel sorry for you, who doesn't know the wonders of love

Currently, Miwoo was facing the greatest peril he had ever faced in his life. Thanks to Orleia who had claimed possession on him, he'd avoided the fate of a goblin seedbed, but the problem was Orleia herself. To put it simply, a choice between a goblin seedbed or a pierced chrysanthemum. Neither was particularly appealing. What kind of retarded ending was this.

But stuck in turtle shell bondage and unable to even lift a finger, all Minwoo could do was watch the three people beat the crap out of Orkar and pray that Clarice could bring reinforcements before Orkar fell.

To think that Orkar, who once threatened Clarice's purity was now the last line of defence protecting his. Really, talk about irony. If he'd known this was going to happen he would have hit him less back then.

And then.....

"Hidebu!!!!"

Screeching something odd Orkar finally collapsed.

"Hoo. For an oversized sub he was needlessly tenacious."

Orleia pulled out the dildo she'd stabbed into Orkar's butt as she complained. No matter how much she'd dug it into him, his surprisingly hard resolve let him stand up again and again, making them work a lot harder than they'd all expected. Well, it's not like it was too hard for them in the end after all. Now all that was left was... The 'reward.' Desperately holding back her laughter, Orleia turned to Minwoo.

"Have you waited long? Darling♪"

Ah f\*\*\*. Minwoo's mind went blank. She sauntered over to him all the while waving that giant dildo around. Ah. Please. Help me Mitohi-nim! At the very least couldn't you wash that damn thing?!

"Not yet, Holy Maiden."

Orleia froze. Having her imminent happy time interrupted, Orleia glared at Biella. With a mocking smirk on her face, Biella was staring fixedly in one direction. Not only Biella. Eri who was daydreaming about training her future subordinates, Senyun who was drooling while dreaming about her lily-coloured future with her unni, all of their lines of sight converged at the same point.

It couldn't be.

Orleia's gaze followed theirs. Biella chuckled as if she was amused.

"That fun, it looks like you'll have to wait a bit longer for that."

Clarice was standing there. No reinforcements, no bodyguards, just her alone.

"Unni!"

"Your Highness!"

"Clee!"

All of them exclaimed as if they were shocked. Clarice held a brief moment in her heart for Orkar who had turned to something that couldn't be seen with one's bare eyes, and looked at Minwoo who couldn't disguise his horror.

"Clarice?!"

"Hero-nim. I'm here to save you."

Ha! Biella scoffed. Clarice looked at Biella with eyes that held not a single trace of hesitation. She was asking what was so funny.

"Save him? By yourself? Kyahahahaha! That's a joke among jokes! You can't actually be serious?"

"I am serious. I will defeat you and rescue the hero."

"Wh, what...?"

Biella's expression contorted. Let alone begging for her life, she actually came to fight? Was she in her right mind? But she faced Clarice dead in her eyes, and she could only acknowledge her brave resolve that burned within them.

Clarice was genuinely here to fight her.

Biella's expression hardened as she gestured to the trio.

"This is the demon king's orders! Give that snot-nosed princess a taste of reality!"

"Hold up! Are you serious?!"

Senyun objected. To her it was a natural response. Well of course she was serious, Biella said as she started to repeat her order.

"Are you scared?"

If Clarice hadn't said that.

".....What did you just say?"

"I asked if you were scared."

Clarice smirked, with one corner of her mouth noticeably curled upwards. In an instant, the ballroom fell silent. A murderous air enveloped everyone in the room, enough to make all the onlookers gulp reflexively. Biella narrowed her eyes, as if she was amused.

"Just why would this Biella be afraid of the likes of you?"

"Are you not? You always make your followers do your dirty work for you because you are scared to do it by yourself."

Clarice could feel a cold sweat running down her spine. But if she backed down here, let alone stalling for time, her death would most certainly not be a pretty one. Enduring her ever-narrowing tunnel vision, she faced down Biella as dignified as she could manage.

"You were going to use goblins to desecrate Hero-nim. Same with Orkar. Even with me, you were going to use three people to take me down."

"Ha! And you are calling this Biella a coward just for that?!"

"Not only that. When you kidnapped me you used Orkar to sully me, and the ones who

violated the boys you kidnapped were always your followers, never yourself. You only ever watched from afar.”

“Codwash! Biella just didn’t want to dirty her hands-”

“And your first love?”

Biella stiffened. Her face gradually turned whiter and whiter. A critical hit. Clarice continued.

“Did you not want to dirty your hands when you kidnapped your first love as well?”

“Wh, what... How do you...?”

“Isn’t it odd? Normally when you love someone enough to kidnap them you wouldn’t have others rape them. If you could you would do it yourself. Because then at the very least you could have their body.”

“Th, that is!!”

Biella’s eyes shook. How?! How does this bitch know of what happened then?! Chaos and uncertainty swirled around, making a mess of her head. Biella finally found a counterargument. But Clarice didn’t let her say it. She pushed onwards.

“You were scared, weren’t you?”

“.....!!”

“When the one you loved rejected you, that left a scar on your heart. So even when you kidnapped your first love you couldn’t lay your hands on him yourself. Because you knew very well that even if you did you would never earn his love. Because if you were resented against, no, hated straight to your face your heart would shatter to pieces. So that’s why you used your followers. Because you were too afraid to face your love.

“So, as you looked on at your followers violating your first love you would have felt satisfied. Unlike yourself who lacked the courage to even approach your first love, your followers, who could and would roughly violate your first love, was more than satisfactory for you to derive your pleasure from.”

“S, stop it!”

It was a shriek. Clarice’s words and the memories from back then, mercilessly stabbed at her heart.

“You knew very well that you weren’t an existence that could be loved. You knew perfectly well that you would be easy to hate. So you forcibly kidnapped and kept men,

and always had your followers rape them, never yourself. Because then they'd resent your subordinates instead. Because you wanted to 'have' love, but was afraid to be hated."

"Just what, and just what do you know about it you bitch?!"

Unlike her bitter words, her voice was full of tears. Internally, Clarice was very surprised. It worked a lot better than she'd expected. From what she'd heard from the tourist about her life and times and her actions thus far, they were conclusions she'd drawn after some good solid thinking but surprisingly it seemed to be all true.

.....she was starting to feel kind of sorry for her.

Clarice imitated Orleia and smirked as cockily and arrogantly as she could.

"It's alright to cry if you want. You can run away if you want. Because that's your disgraceful true self."

"What?!"

"Did you honestly think people wouldn't be able to tell if you disguised it behind that immature way of speaking, juvenile actions and childish delusions? This coward."

"Uu, uuuu, uuuuuu, No, Biella is not a coward...!"

Having been driven to her limits, Biella was starting to sniffle. Clarice hammered the final nail deep in the coffin.

"I am different from you. Unlike you, I am not a coward that flees from love."

Biella's eyes instantly shot wide open. Hero. That was it. To rescue the hero she loved, Clarice came all the way back on her lonesome. She wasn't like her. Not a coward like herself...

In that instant, the world turned crimson.

"Kuk?!"

"Clarice?!"

"Unni!!"

In the blink of an eye, Biella had her hand wrapped around Clarice's throat.

"I, am not, a coward!!"

Biella picked Clarice up by her neck and threw her away, hard. Clarice's body tumbled and bounced before she hit the wall with a dense thud. Her whole body hurt. Her breath wasn't coming properly. But she couldn't even stand.

All of a sudden Biella was right in front of her eyes as she raised her foot high-

"Could a coward! Stomp! On you! Like this?!"

".....!!"

"Could a coward! Stand! On top of you! Like this!!!"

She couldn't even scream. Her internal organs felt like they were being churned and shredded. Clarice hunched up and desperately endured the pain.

"This bitch?!"

Senyun angrily summoned a fireball. But under her feet, a black aura immediately shot up and bound her. Not just Senyun. Ericia, Orleia, they too, had their limbs bound by the black aura.

"Interlopers can go fuck the hell off!!"

With her shout all three of them were thrown to the wall. Having been satisfied at their disgraceful collapse, Biella pulled Clarice up by her hair. Glaring at Clarice's glazed-over eyes, she snarled like a monster.

"Prepare yourself. To you, who dared to slander me I will never let you die gracefully."

At that moment a small smile surfaced on Clarice's face. But having been caught up in her rage, Biella didn't see it, and raised her fist.

A long, painful beating followed. As if to prove that she wouldn't let Clarice die easily, she controlled her strength just enough that Clarice wouldn't break. Even although she could kill her oh-so-easily with a simple twist of her neck, she let her experience hell with just a fraction of her strength.

But-

"What are. What are you, you bitch...?!"

No matter how much of a wreck she was, Clarice endured, and stood up again. Biella, facing her, unconsciously took a step back.

“Why are you looking at me with those eyes?!”

Eyes. Biella wondered if she should just rip them out of her head with these two hands. But she couldn't. As if doing so... Would be the same as admitting she was a coward.

“Stop it! Clarice! Why are you still standing?!”

Minwoo yelled, unable to watch on. He was tormented. He wanted to run over and tear Biella apart limb from limb. Why the hell was she standing up to her like that?

“Because I came to rescue you, Hero-nim...”

“What?!”

Clarice opened her mouth, and what came out was a quiet voice like a dying ember. When she tried to take a step towards Minwoo, her legs gave out from beneath her. But she still wouldn't give up. Clarice stood up once more, and said her true feelings, feelings that, if she didn't say them now, she might never get a chance to say.

“Because, I love Hero-nim. I cannot hand over the man I love to someone like her. My hero that always saved me! I want to save you this time!!”

“.....You.”

Minwoo's eyes flashed. It seemed like he wanted to say something, but Biella was quicker.

“Urk!”

“Enough of your soap opera.”

Biella grabbed Clarice by her throat and lifted her head up. She just couldn't listen to them. If she did then she'd go insane just like those fools. Biella decided to finish Clarice off. In the life-and-death situation where Clarice was slowly but surely being strangled to death, she barely managed to say.

“I, pity, you...”

“What?”

Biella was so shocked all the strength left her hands. Pity? Me? Clarice looked pitifully into Biella's eyes and said.

"I feel sorry for you, who doesn't know the wonders of love."<sup>(1)</sup>

"This motherfucking bitch?!"

That's what you meant by pity?! In her anger Biella slammed Clarice deep into the floor. It was strong enough to incite a gasp! from the surroundings

Haa. Haa. Biella awkwardly stood for a moment to calm her ragged breath, before she started cackling maniacally.

"Ha. Haha. Kyahahahahaha!! Who's the pitiful one?! You little bitch!!"

This overwhelming difference in strength. No matter how much Clarice ran that mouth of hers this was nothing she could ever hope to catch up to. Leaving her body to the best High!<sup>(2)</sup> feeling, Biella yelled.

"Clarice! The hero you so passionately declared you loved can't even move a finger, trapped by me! Sage? Female knight? Holy Maiden? All of them are also stuck in the walls with nothing to do but suck their thumbs! Now I have proven there is no one who can surpass Biella! You foolish girl! I will trample you! Bow before Biella's wisdom and strength!!"

And just when Biella lifted her foot to stomp on Clarice.

"Wh, what... I can't move?!"

Biella finally realised something 'wrong' that had surrounded her body. The feeling of her strength fading away from her hands and feet. This feeling of all her power being drained from her. It was not unfamiliar.

It was then. From the doorway, a cold voice was heard.

"- I have casted the seal."

"?!"

Biella finally understood. Just how Clarice had known her past. Just why she had come

alone to face her. Just why she had so aggressively taunted her to make her angry.

“This voice is the t, tourist?!”

She could tell even if she didn’t turn around. Since she was the person who first undid her seal how could she. If only she hadn’t been a woman, she’d have kept her by her side and been the best of friends.

The tourist took the cloak of invisibility off and walked in front of Biella. Before she entered the ballroom, Clarice had given it to her in order to cast the seal. Looking at the grimoire in her hand, Biella realised that what she was thinking was right, and despaired.

Damn it.

I’ve been had.

“How does it feel? To be sealed without any warning while you were drunk on your own excitement?!”

The tourist opened the grimoire and declared war.

“Now! It won’t even take me a second!! To seal you off!!!”<sup>(3)</sup>

It was the beginning of revenge.

# Chapter 35

## I Became the Hero's Bride

It was the beginning of revenge.

“Hiik?!”

“It’s dangerous Miss Tourist!!”

Clarice had only just managed to move her body when she yelled out, surprised by Biella’s near-instantaneous movement right in front of the tourist. Even if she was the one that had casted the seal, she was a normal person. The difference in physical capabilities wasn’t one that could be easily overturned. Biella drew up on all of her strength and moved her body before all her power was sealed away.

“Dduhuurrk!!”

Very shortly afterwards, the tourist was blown away as she let out some unpronounceable word. Unlike her grand entrance it was a pathetic exit. Having stolen back the grimoire, Biella crushed it in one hand.

“Such trash... Nearly scared me there.”

“Kuk!”

Clarice smacked the ground in anger and regret. Oh my god. They failed. The future was bleak. It was truly over now. There was no way to stop Biella any longer. Having noticed Clarice’s despair, Biella raised the grimoire high in the air, and yelled very excitedly.

“Victory! Hero’s Bride end!”

Biella was so happy she even broke through the fourth wall. Now all that was left was to shred this grimoire to pieces and kill those leftover trash.

“Ho~ In that case who’s going to replace this Park Minwoo? Surely not you, right?”

Or there should have been.

“Wh, what?!”

Tentacles came flying in from all corners of her vision and snatched the grimoire. Nice blocking. Biella had turned around to Minwoo in shock, and now she plunged into horror and despair. Whether it was due to the seal, but the magic that had been restraining the hero party had been undone.

“Ah, ahhh...! The seal!”

She needed to take it back. She had to. But Biella’s arms and legs were already frozen solid and she couldn’t even struggle. Minwoo received the grimoire from Orleia, opened it wide and said in a deathly voice.

“There’s only one reason you lost... Just one simple answer...”<sup>(1)</sup>

Minwoo slowly, but very clearly spoke.

“You hurt Clarice.”

Biella’s legs gave out underneath her as all four of her limbs drained of their strength. Terrifying. He was so terrifying she nearly wet her pants...!

“P, p, please let me off j, just this once! Biella apolog...!”

Minwoo wordlessly looked over Biella’s shoulder. Biella followed his line of sight. As her head creaked around with her sheet-white face what she saw behind her was-

“”Double interest?””

Senyun and Ericia who had summoned an inferno and gathered Womb Power respectively were looking down at her with a killing smile...

Those were Biella’s final memories.



“It’s over.”

“Yep. It is.”

A ray of light came through the hole in the roof that Senyun and Ericia had blasted. Underneath the light, Minwoo and Clarice drew each other into their embrace and shared an emotional reunion.

Biella, the demon king Biella was sealed. In a state where she had the absolute crap beaten out of her, all her magic power was sealed into the grimoire, turning her into stone. Ericia had gone to drop the statue far away off some cliff, and Senyun was off burying the grimoire deep underground in some unknown field.

“Good job.”

Orleia said as she was treating Clarice’s wounds. When Clarice glared at her shooting metaphorical lasers from her eyes, Orleia sweatdropped and looked away. It was a rare reaction considering her normal blatant shameless self.

Then again, she knew her wrongs.

“Not really.”

Clarice murmured as if it was nothing much.

“I said I wouldn’t show my disgraceful side anymore.”

“.....”

Orleia’s eyes widened as she stared wordlessly at Clarice. Eventually, she smiled and said.

“Indeed.”

As time passed, the tourist and Orkar regained consciousness, Ericia and Senyun also returned. Clarice had all three of the hero party on her knees in front of her. It went without saying but all of them were quivering in their boots, heads hung. The tourist and Orkar had no idea what to do on the sudden disappearance of the demon king and the hero party on their knees, and Minwoo was munching away on popcorn procured

from who knows where watching the spectacle.

Clarice folded her arms and casually said.

“So, your excuses?”

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

Silence. Times three.

Orleia had been frantically looking for an excuse when her eyes fell on the tourist! That's it! Orleia hurriedly held her hand up in a high five towards the tourist.

“Hey, hey! You did great! Miss Jasmine! This is all thanks to our amazing plan?!”  
“Eh? Me?”

The tourist blinked and pointed at herself. Was she talking to her?

“Um, my name isn't Jasmine, but-”

Being quick on the mark, Senyun also said.

“That's right! Us pretending to betray the demon king, get in touch with unni and trying the seal! It was a perfect plan! Wasn't it?! James?!!”  
“J, James?! Isn't that a man's name-”

Then Ericia also hurriedly said.

“Great work! If it wasn't for you, our whole plan would have failed! If you want to learn Womb Power come to me anytime! Bbobbi!”  
“Bbobbi?! That's not even a human name anymore?!!”<sup>(2)</sup>

Haaaa. Clarice rested her hand on her forehead as she shook her head.

“I understand. Enough. Can you not see that Miss Catherine is troubled?”

She said it so decisively that the tourist lost the timing to say that her name wasn't

Catherine.

"I will forgive you."

"Really? Clee!"

"You're the best unni!"

"I will never forget this benevolence! Your Highness!!"

Of course 'I' forgive you. With those words, Clarice turned to Minwoo. Minwoo nodded almost imperceptibly before he came forward.

A light-hearted smile spread across Clarice's lips.

"Although of course Hero-nim hasn't forgiven."

""?!"

Minwoo cracked his knuckles as he smiled brightly. Now that was a true killing smile. Needless to say, for a long time afterwards the three people's screams echoed throughout the demon king castle.

"Are you leaving?"

Orkar approached Clarice as she was preparing to head back to the kingdom. Clarice nodded. Now was the time for farewell. The demon king castle was dyed red in the setting sun. The demon king castle. A place of horrifying memories that gave her the shudders, but on the other hand, a place that left a deep impression on her, ones that she could never forget.

There were no longer any more reasons to come back.

As Clarice reminisced on memories through slightly rose-tinted glasses, all sorts of thoughts ran through her head. The wedding, what happened. What were her parents doing now. Karina would probably be panicking at her disappearance. She wanted to see them as quickly as she could.

"Thank you. For today."

Clarice honestly, sincerely thanked Orkar. Although their first meeting was truly unspeakable, it was true that today, she owed an unspeakable debt to him.

“Nothing, that needed thanks for.”

Clarice smiled gently, bathed in the fading glow of twilight. Orkar felt his eyes begin to mist over, and moved his mouth to say something. Just then a hand fell on Clarice’s shoulder. It was Minwoo. Having met his eyes, Orkar eventually let those words go unsaid.

“Hooo. It can’t be helped then.”

He could only sigh. But he should still say what he should.

“Look after Clarice. Hero.”

Orkar extended his hand.

“You don’t need to tell me twice.”

Minwoo grinned as he took the offered hand. Orkar thought. For a human, he smiles somewhat dependably.

Having finished his farewells, Orkar left the demon king castle. As he began to walk far, far away, the tourist came running up to him, heaving for breath.

“Wait! Mister Orc! Let’s go together!!”

“? You? Weren’t you... Jennifer?”

“You’re all making fun of me right?! Aren’t you?! Waitwait, before that! We’ve got a long way ahead of us, so should we go together? C’mon!”

“Go together, why would this Orkar move with a human like you-”

“Ehhhh?! You’re asking a weak human girl like me to go home all by myself? I might be assassinated on the way for the crime of sealing the demon king!”

“So you were asking me to protect you... Haa. Fine. I get it, you’re loud, so stop whining. Jennifer.”

“Whooo! Thank you! Mister Orc! Ah, my name, it’s not Jennifer but-!!”

Pfft. Minwoo and Clarice let out little squeaks of laughter watching them go. Clarice looked at the absolutely rekt party members, courtesy of Minwoo’s scolding, and said.

“Shall we head back as well?”

“Should we?”

The two people's hands intertwined as they shyly smiled at each other.

Let's go. Back home.

# Epilogue

A few days passed after that. When the populace learned that the demon king had reappeared and kidnapped the hero, causing the wedding to be called off, things were understandably chaotic, but when it became known that it was Princess Clarice that rescued her husband the hero from the demon king, and moreover, was also the one that sealed the demon king, everyone raised their glasses and toasted the princess' and hero's bravery and heroics.

In the mirror, Clarice looked back at her reflection in a wedding dress. Is there anything odd. Is there anywhere that can be fixed. The results were satisfactory. There shouldn't be any problems with this. At just the right time, Karina came in. She still had an angry pout on her face.

It seemed like she was still angry about the time when she snuck out.

"I'm not angry, I was so worried for you!"

Since Clarice knew her wrongs she averted her gaze as if she didn't know. Hold on? This feels awfully similar to them a few days ago? Speaking of the devil, they came into the waiting room one by one.

Senyun offered her congratulations wiping her tears and snot with a handkerchief.

"Hic. Unni, congratulations. Be happy...!"

".....Your Highness. I've been wondering for a while, but why does Senyun dare to call Your Highness 'unni?'"

"I, I don't know? I'm not sure either? Ha ha."

As Clarice turned her head, Ericia handed her a piece of paper. It was an advertisement for Womb Power.

"Look! Your Highness! As expected Your Highness's power is incredible. Since I advertised that you beat the crap out of the demon king with Womb Power so many people... Ugyaaaaagh?!"

Clarice stomped Erica's foot as hard as she could. Although what she really wanted to go for was her mouth.

"Haa. Like children, all of them."

Orleia shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"Isn't that right? Clee?"

"....."

Clarice simply looked at her with dead eyes. Just then, a maid burst into the waiting room. After announcing that it was time, Clarice nodded to her and stood up.

Before she left, Clarice looked behind her. Everyone was looking at her. Tearfully, nonchalantly, worriedly, disgruntled. But since really, it was all just like them, Clarice smiled and said.

"I'll be back."

The king and queen were standing side by side on the terrace giving speeches. Below them, a massive crowd had gathered just like the protests from before. But this time, the sounds that could be heard were not anger and indignance, but congratulations and well-wishes.

Minwoo asked.

"Are you nervous?"

"I would be lying if I said I wasn't?"

Clarice discreetly linked arms with Minwoo.

"But I've got Hero-nim, no... 'Sweetie' beside me."

"Urk!"

Minwoo's face turned bright red. Clarice couldn't hold it in and ended up giggling like a devil. Minwoo could only look on stunned. When he did, Clarice drooped a bit, looking downwards.

"You didn't like it?"

“.....Surely.”

I liked it very much. Minwoo softly whispered in her ear. When he did, it was Clarice’s turn to blush.

After the wedding, there was the public appearance in front of the people to show that the wedding ceremony was complete. Although the wedding itself had gone awry courtesy of the demon king, it wasn’t over.

Rather, it was just beginning.

The king’s speech ended. It was time to show themselves. Minwoo and Clarice gently held each other’s hands, and walked together to the light at the end of the corridor. One step. Another step. The cheers of the crowd were getting louder with every step. And then a brilliant light embraced the couple.

Flower petals were falling from the sky. The people waved the hands and threw flower petals to celebrate the hero and the princess’s marriage. The entire world was blessing them. A fragrant floral fragrance. The warm sunlight on their skins. And a love held tight. They would never lose it again.

“Hero-nim.”

“Yes.”

Clarice moved her face closer to Minwoo’s ears so as not to be drowned out by the crowd.

“I love you.”

Minwoo’s eyes opened wide. Clarice grinned, before she hugged Minwoo’s neck and got on her tip-toes. She closed her eyes.

Then all that remained in the world was warmth.

I Became the Hero’s Bride

-Fin-



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